Infinite Loops: Five Nights at Freddy's

By: Awesomedude17

In the main world, Yggdrasil, the tree that controls all the universes, is broken. Now, the multiverse needs to go in infinite time loops while the admins fix the issues. For these stories, we take a look at the infamous Freddy's Fazbear's Pizzeria, and the loopers within. Five Nights at Freddy's is copyright by Scott Cawthon. Everything else is copyright whoever.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2015-03-14

Updated: 2015-07-24

Words: 31323

Chapters: 5

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Horror/Humor - Characters: Mike Schmidt, Freddy Fazbear, Jeremy Fitzgerald - Reviews: 38 - Favs: 256 - Follows: 230

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/11111954/1/Infinite-Loops-Five-Nights-at-Freddy-s

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Infinite Loops: Five Nights at Freddy's

Introduction
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
The Creation of Turnabout's Joy
Chapter 5

Chapter 1

(1.1) OracleMask

Mike groaned, blinking and looking around to see the familiar Security Office walls all around. He'd tried chalking it up to nightmares, but even a guy as stubborn as he was had to admit that he should have woken up by now if this was just a dream.

Next had been the hallucination theory, which was more plausible considering...well, considering the disturbing hallucinations which had started by the third night or so during his 'first' week on the job. Not even counting that giggling yellow Freddy thing that just *appeared* sometimes.

The phone rang. Mike closed his eyes and let the sound of the phone guy's message wash over him. It was the 'first' night again, the message was the same as it always was. Nothing new and even the idea of being stuffed in a suit was losing some of its nightmarish flavor.

After doing this half a dozen times, Mike almost felt like he could handle the first night in his sleep. Freddy wouldn't leave the stage unless he ran out of power. Bonnie would poke his head in through the left door two, maybe three times. Chica would visit once or twice herself, but seemed more interested in the kitchen. And Foxy...

Mike froze in his chair as he heard the rumble of metal feet heading his way at high speed. *He had forgotten to check the camera in Pirate's Cove.*

Adrenaline pumping, Mike slammed the left door button -

"SCREEEEEEEEE!"

- and he screamed and flailed in his chair for a minute before he realized that he wasn't dead. What the - what was that?! Mike had been - Foxy had lunged forward and slammed him into a wall headfirst, but now there was no Foxy. Just the regular Security Office.

The phone rang, and Mike flung the nearest object - an old magazine some previous guard had left behind - at it in momentary blind terror before realizing what that sound was. His heart raced a mile a minute as he heard the phone guy repeating the first speech of the week. Again.

What the hell was going on here?!

(1.2) OracleMask

This could *not* be healthy, Mike thought as he listened to the mechanical groans of Chica hovering on the other side of the closed door, his heart pounding like mad.

He was losing track of time as his first week on the job at Freddy Fazbear's Family Pizzaria repeated itself over and over again. It was mostly the phone guy's messages that were keeping Mike straight on which day of the week it was, which was good because that one time he'd mixed up the second night and fifth night had ended pretty quickly with a visit from Freddy.

Although now that he thought about it, Mike wasn't sure that it was his elevated heart rate that was the unhealthy thing here. It was that after being stuffed into a Freddy suit a few times, it seemed less like a horrific way to go and more of a painful *annoyance* . Oh, it HURT like nothing else for sure - Mike *vastly* preferred it when the animatronics accidentally knocked him out while pouncing, so he didn't have to be aware of the moment of being stuffed in - but then Mike would be back in the office, good as new and ready to start his first night for the *n* th time.

Considering Chica's wide-eyed stare at him through the reinforced glass, Mike wondered if he was going insane.

...Yeah, probably.

Well, insane or not, that didn't mean Mike wouldn't be doing his job. He checked the cameras, flipping past the bathrooms, the show stage - Freddy was eyeballing the camera again - and to Pirate's Cove.

IT'S ME

Mike swore under his breath and slammed the left door button just as the rumble of metal feet reached his ears. Foxy banged on the door moments later, demanding entrance. Mike was just turning to see if Chica was still at the right-hand door when he realized something was off.

Foxy had only banged once.

Mike looked back to the left and saw a pair of glowing eyes at the left window. A cautious flick of the lights revealed Foxy was standing there, and just...staring at him.

This was...new. Foxy never checked the office out - he either got inside and Mike was dead meat, or he banged on the closed door a bunch of times before going back to Pirate's Cove. Foxy stayed there for a good minute longer, *staring* , before walking back to the Cove. Even though there was no more sign of Foxy for the rest of the night, the chill that was growing in Mike's belly refused to leave.

If Foxy was acting differently, then what about Bonnie, Chica, or even Freddy? Mike had some comfort that even though they were trying to kill him, all four animatronic animals were somewhat predictable. But if they were starting to mix things up...

(1.3) OracleMask

For many repeats after the weird behavior from Foxy, things were back to normal. Well, as back to normal as Mike would ever get in this situation.

At least until he found himself starting his first night working at Bonnie Bunny's Pizzeria, with Foxy on the guitar and Freddy hidden away as the 'broken' animatronic. They'd all changed roles, except for Chica. Mike was fairly sure he ended that repeat early from a heart attack after seeing Freddy speeding toward him the Third Night. Freddy was one animatronic face Mike would NOT like to see hurtling towards him!

(1.4) OracleMask

Mike found himself suddenly on stage, unable to move. It was a *good* thing he couldn't move, because the pizzeria was open and if Mike moved he'd start *screaming* and then he'd probably never *stop*
-

"Hey kids! Welcome to Freddy Fazbear's Pizza!" chortled the mechanical voicebox of the bear to Mike's left, "It's me, your old pal Freddy Fazbear."

"Don't forget about me," Mike heard coming from his own mechanical voicebox, "Mikey Monkey! I've got my guitar and I'm ready to rock."

As 12am rang out, Mike felt like huge, invisible restraints were suddenly lifted from his mechanical limbs. Suddenly he could move again!

'Right, free-roam mode kicks in at midnight, ' Mike remembered, *'Man, it feels AWESOME to be able to move after being stuck on that*

stage all day! Why can't these guys just enjoy walking around instead of trying to get into the Office to grab me?'

Holding the plastic guitar with his new robot monkey tail, Mike began attempting to walk around. Glancing back at the stage showed Freddy and Chica looking at him. Freddy almost seemed...amused? Curious? Did the animatronics even feel things like curiosity? They surely must feel hunger, considering that Chica promptly hopped off stage herself and waddled purposefully towards the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Bonnie the Security Guard was watching the animatronics on camera with nausea twisting his stomach into knots. Free-roam mode was one thing, but these robots were just...was the monkey practicing cartwheels?!

(1.5) DrTempo

Sunset frowned as she realized where she was this Loop. *GREAT. That haunted pizzeria I've heard so much about. Time to give Freddy and his friends one hell of a surprise.*

As Sunset removed a few things from her Subspace Pocket in preparation for her scheme, something snuck up behind her, and give out the cry that had sealed many a security guard's fate before.

"SSSCCCCREEE-"

Sunset quickly turned around and clocked Bonnie, who fell down. Sunset frowned. "I'm not what ends up as your usual kind of victim. Come get me, you outdated piece of scrap!"

Sunset then hightailed it out of the security room, tossing objects behind her as Bonnie gave chase. However, Sunset ran into the kitchen, where Chica was snacking on leftovers. Bonnie chuckled, and grabbed a plate.

Sunset then laughed. "Sorry, but you're too slow." She then pressed a button on the device she was holding, and...

KA-BOOM!

The pizzeria went up in a massive explosion, pieces of the place flying all over. Sunset, who had teleported out of the blast, smirked. "Now, that's closing with a bang!"

(1.6) Detective Ethan Redfield

One woman sat alone in a security booth at a local pizza parlor. She was the night security for the building and she was new. Chances are, she would not be the night guard in the morning. The lights were off in the booth. The woman held a cigar to her mouth and took a long draw. A second later, she let the breath out and glared out the left side door. "I know you're out there."

Two animatronic lights flashed on as a childlike lullaby started playing. The woman quirked an eye at the robot, "The other three are dead, you know. Foxy shoved his head through the open door first and I closed the door on its neck. The other two sneaked in one at a time while I watched for thieves. They tried seizing me, and I did what was natural, severed their endoskeletons with a precision thrust of my blade."

She held up her rapier up and allowed the two glowing eyes to reflect back towards the animatronic. Then, she redirected the gleam of the eyes to the floor, where the head of Foxy and the other two lay at her feet. Every now and then, Foxy's body, which remained in the hallway, twitched. She pulled out her cigar with the other hand and asked, "You think you can scare me, machine? I have stared into the eyes of the abyss himself, and laid him bare as my servant. I have fought wolves spoken of in legends, madmen in command of the legions of the damned, and beings of such speed, strength and intelligence they might as well be demigods in all but name. You are nothing. The moment those lights go out, I will hunt you through the

dark and sever your server like brain from the rest of your body. So come at me, you hunk of scrap!"

The lights faded. Moments later, sparks burst from the impact as the battle began.

The door to Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria swung open, issuing forth a single woman. A steady drip of blood seeped out of her left eye. She slid her blade back into the her scabbard and tore a strip of cloth off her shirt, wrapping her eye up once again. She muttered. "Always the eye. One day, maybe I'll slay a monster without losing it. Or maybe I'll just steal a sharingan from the Naruto world. Now to put this farce of a company out of business."

The Pizzeria, and all other pizzerias in the same chain, were shut down from the resulting lawsuit by the Hellsing family head. Those who programmed the animatronics were found criminally negligent for allowing the animatronics to hit the restaurant floor to begin with and received lengthy jail sentences since people have already died. Company and store owners were also charged criminally since they covered up the deaths of previous night security guards. Needless to say, Integra was very well off by the time the loop ended.

(1.7) Wildrook vs. Awesomedude17

" **GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"**

Vegeta merely roundhouse kicked the machine.

"Cute, but tell me..." Vegeta grabbed Golden Freddy by the neck. "Does a machine like you feel fear?"

"I don't know, but I need a new gi."

Vegeta glared at Krillin, who was cowering behind Chica.

"...I really don't care for you right now." Vegeta then realized something. "Wait a minute... these guys aren't as powerful as the Saibamen, and we've dealt with androids that are organic. Why the heck are you afraid?"

"Because I'm less afraid of them, then I am of you."

"...Okay, I'll give you that one, meatba-"

Vegetaaaaa... Vegetaaaaa...

Vegeta's eye twitched.

"Aw crap, we're so fired." Krillin said.

"Don't care, let's watch the fire." Vegeta leaned back. "AHHHHH!"

(Loops later...)

"The Ghost...of a bald...Saiyan," Mike said to Freddy as he looked at the footage. "And you found out that the Purple Guy was blasted to Hell."

Freddy was just as surprised as the others.

"Not the best way to go through that," Freddy replied. "But at least the spiky-haired one had taken him out."

(1.8) Crisis

Hello again. It's been awhile since we talked.

A while since those buffoons who think they control everything tried to separate us.

But I'm here to stay, even if these confounded seals mean we can't talk as often as I'd like.

It's so good that we have this chance now though. This chance to sow true mayhem.

Wouldn't you agree, Doctor?

Doctor Albert W. Wily rubbed his head as he reviewed the logs of his latest attempt at world conquest. How? How was it that those two... assistants of Thomas's kept foiling everything? Those piddling little household models he called his children...

Hehehe... But then, you don't remember very clearly, do you? Here, let me help...

Time and again they tore through his brilliant creations. His robot armies that he so thoroughly weaponized to the point that no military on the planet could stand against him. And yet those two kept pulling it off.

They defeated Thomas's industrial line, his own creations, the one's he'd taken from that fool Cossack, the ones he'd swiped from the world tournament, alien robots with superior armaments, robots from the *future* , and even the robots he'd created with Ivo using... heroes from another dimension?

When had that happened?

Oh, but you've been very busy since then...

Wily clutched his head as images flashed through his mind at a fevered pace. Defeats he'd experienced blended with others that never happened so completely that he couldn't tell which ones had been real. Over and over they came, so fast he was sure his brain would rupture from the glut of information.

How was it possible? How did every single attempt to defeat those two end in defeat? How could it be that even in these fever dreams he was getting, he still lost to them?

Because they have souls. Very talented souls indeed. The souls of gifted children.

Wily blinked as the idea came to him. Could it be that Thomas's creations were... *more* than just robots?

But if they were... Oh, but he'd underestimated his old rival! Thomas must have gone farther over the edge after Blues ran away than he'd suspected!

Ah, but I do love how your mind works, Doctor.

But anything Thomas could do, he could do better. He just needed to figure out how...

A simple matter, really. At least if insignificant things like the subject's pain are disregarded.

The mad doctor chuckled as inspiration hit. Oh, there would likely be some discomfort for the subjects, but it would all be worth it to have his ultimate army! He just needed some...

Children. The best results shall come from children.

...children. *Gifted* children. The most intelligent and talented little brats he could find! But how to entice them?

I hear children like pizza. And games.

Yes! And if he displayed the empty shells of his newest line as if they were simple animatronics, he could gauge which prospective subject would be best suited to become the mind and soul of each one... And then...

Always a pleasure working with you, doctor.

"And then the world will be mine! Bwahahahahahaha!"

From behind his shades, Blues stared up at the broken-down shell where he had his newest job and wondered what in the world had gone wrong in recent years.

The faded and half-collapsed sign declaring the seemingly abandoned building to be Wily's Fun Masters' Pizza Fortress stared right back.

My, my... If I didn't know better, I'd think this was my handiwork.

Blues shook the dark thoughts off and tightened his scarf against a chill only he felt. He'd heard that Wily had opened, of all things, a pizza party business and figured that the man had an even more hare-brained scheme for world domination than usual. From what he could tell, the family he'd estranged himself from thought the same. So they'd all watched and waited, along with the rest of the world, and were surprised when months went by without anything happening other than rave, and surprised, reviews.

Even Kalinka Cossack had come around and decided to give the place a try for her birthday. After a great deal of reluctance on her father's part, he'd given in. The birthday party had been a huge hit...

You can feel the lingering pain, despair, and resentment, can't you?

...right up until the birthday girl herself vanished without a trace.

There'd been a huge search and an army of private investigators descended on Wily's in addition to the entire police force. No trace of Kalinka ever surfaced. Nor did any evidence that Wily was involved with her disappearance.

Wily's had reopened despite misgivings and parents started bringing their children in. No more birthday celebrants disappeared and the

matter was chalked up as a tragic occurence. But the disappearances started up again. Never anyone who would be immediately missed, but the only thing each of the kids had in common was that they'd been last seen at Wily's. Two became three became four and so on until a total of eight had gone missing and people had decided that was enough.

Then Wily dropped the bombshell to end all bombshells.

"You thought I didn't know what you did, didn't you Thomas?! Your secret to making your creations so lifelike! How you siphoned the souls of children to become the brains of your robots! How you stole the children of others so you could replace the one that ran away!"

"What are you talking about Al–"

"You were gone from the party the same time that Kalinka disappeared! I finally found the footage you altered! What kind of robot did you put her in Thomas?!"

I did so love such a good show. A masterful piece of work how they all turned on him. Must make you proud.

The people hadn't wanted to believe it at first, but the grainy footage Wily had supposedly restored showed a man-shaped blur roughly Dr. Light's size grab a figure about Kalinka's size. A federal investigation was launched that demanded Dr. Light turn over his creations to be stripped down and inspected to verify Dr. Wily's claim. The man's response...

"I won't let you take my children from me! Rock! Roll!"

...hadn't helped his position. Rock and Roll had made themselves scarce and hadn't been seen since despite a global manhunt and Dr. Light was still incarcerated in a criminal mental institution last Blues had heard. Dr. Cossack had drunk himself into a grieving stupor and could generally be found in a gutter somewhere halfway to a hangover. The only reason Blues hadn't been caught up in that

beyond a few nosy reporters looking for a juicy column was the fact that he was Dr. Light's flesh and blood son (by Dr. Lalinde if his memories weren't mistaken, the two never having married and Dr. Light obtaining custody of Blues), estranged due to some argument or other his Unawake self had had with the man regarding a decision to join the army (who had incidentally given him a medical discharge due to a heart condition that had developed about halfway through training).

As far as the world was concerned, the case was closed.

And then Dr. Wily himself had vanished just as quickly and mysteriously as the children had.

That had been one wild media circus. The man who was supposedly guilty was very securely locked up and his accuser vanished without a trace. With Wily as the sole business owner, the question of what to do with the place had apparently been a hassle until some company bought it looking to capitalize on the mad scientist's image. They'd put a team on getting the place ready when workers started vanishing as mysteriously as Wily himself had. Always at night.

With rumors starting that the place was haunted, the project and the building were quickly abandoned and left to rot for reasons unexplained save for a skeleton security crew. A security crew that, upon Blues hacking the business's record, seemed to have a ridiculously high turnover rate for the night shift. Several former night guards were also listed as missing persons in a few police cases and Blues bet that a few more hadn't even been reported.

Which was why he was here. Estranged or not, whatever issues he had with himself or them, Rock, Roll, and Dr. Light were family. Whatever Dr. Light was guilty of against Blues, he was sure the man wasn't guilty of this. He'd applied as a night guard and had been hired without even being asked in for an interview.

He was going to find out exactly what was going on with this and, if it was possible, clear Dr. Light's name. Steeling himself, he stepped

through the front doors to report for duty.

Five Nights At Wily's

(1.9) Awesomedude17 vs. Wildrook

"Mikey, I need your personal opinion."

"Uh, sure boss, can you make it quick, I just got off work and I'm tired."

"Right, so kids today are changing, so we should change to something hip."

'I can already tell this is a bad idea.'

"So, I've heard kids are listening to hip-hop these days..."

"I'm going to stop you right there," Mike said to the Manager. "No, we're not putting Freddy and the others in outfits that would make Vanilla Ice look like Dr. Dre."

If one would notice, there was a sigh of relief on *ALL* of the Animatronics for a brief second.

(1.10) Gamerex27

The Emperor Woke Up, and instantly knew something was *wrong. The* first clue was that he couldn't feel *any* trace of the Warp. No daemons, no Chaos Gods, no psykers...and no power of his own to use.

The second clue was that he had nowhere near the strength he has in most repetitions of the Loops. Rather than a muscular, gigantic titan, he was a scrawny waif of a man, with barely enough muscle mass to lift a weapon of any kind.

The *third* thing he noticed was that he was unable to open the "Pocket" his son had taught him how to use after the so-called "Brighthammer" Loop. So he was unable to use *any* weapons at all. At least he wasn't trapped on the Golden Throne.

Looking around, he was sitting in a poorly-lit room. A poster decorated with robots playing musical instruments hung from the wall, declaring "CELEBRATE" in the ancient lost language of English, as well as other crude drawings of said robots on the wall. To his left and right were panels that read "DOOR" and "LIGHT" to the side of a pair of steel doors.

A piercing sound disrupted his thoughts. He looked to the source of the noise: a device he dimly remembered as a "phone" from the early second millenium. After fumbling with for a moment, he held the correct end to his ear.

"Hello?" Leman's voice said. "Is this on? Can you hear me, father?"

Yes, the Emperor said. **Where are you?**

"If you can hear this, this is a recording," he said, making the Emperor sigh in disappointment. "It looks like I am currently employed by this...restaurant? I am unsure *what* this place is supposed to be. Anyways, I was told that you would be replacing me after this week was done, before I Awoke. I will not dance around the issue: the robots you are meant to look after are homicidal, and will likely try to kill you if given the chance. Of course, I *know* you can handle something like that..."

Well, he *could* , but it would be *much* easier if he was stronger this Loop, or could just pull out his armor or sword from his Pocket.

"...and if they escape the restaurant, they will likely kill anyone they could find," Leman said. "I've tried to destroy them, before you ask, but...they were just *there* again when I came the next night. I think they may be cursed: if we don't want these things to kill thousands of

human lives, we have to contain them here until we can find a way to stop them.

"They will roam the hallways until the clock strike six. I believe after that, you should have time to investigate and disable-"

The clang of metal against metal sounded in the background. "That would be Khorne, I think. Starting to wish I'd found a better weapon yesterday..."

But, if *Khone* was one of these robots...

The God-Emperor of Mankind pulled up the tablet, examining it. Khorne's armored head was peeking out from behind curtains and a castle labeled "Knight's Nightclub." On the stage at the front of the restaurant were a fat, mangy-looking rabbit with Nurgle's face, a seductively-dressed chicken with Slaanesh's skin tone on her feathers, and Tzeentch, in the form of a blue bird, holding a microphone on stage.

Tzeentch Toucan's Family Pizzeria, the Emperor muttered to himself, from his Loop memories. Looking back, he could see that both Nurgle and Slaanesh had left the stage.

Hearing the sound of footsteps near the left door, the Emperor slammed down on the close door button, without even looking away from the tablet, and was rewarded with the satisfying sound of Khorne running smack dab into the thick steel door and falling on his mechanical rear.

As he closed the other door and heard Slaanesh's electronic cry of frustration, the Emperor internally debated that, if he should come here after hours to find these creatures' weakness, perhaps he should take photographs of the Chaos Gods interacting with small children, to humiliate them at a further date.

(1.11) Crisis

Mike Awoke right back in that same security office of Fazbear's Pizza. It just never seemed to end. No matter what he did, succeed or fail, he ended up right back here watching over that same group of killer animatronics. And just as ever, they were...

Mike blinked as he took in the security footage and wondered if there was a way to scrub off whatever mutant dust had gotten into his eyes without causing himself permanent injury. Because those were *not* the animatronics he was used to.

Foxy over in Pirate's Cove wasn't a fox... He wasn't sure *what* that was supposed to be, but it wasn't a fox...

Instead of Chica and Bonnie, there was some kind of frog and pig that he didn't recognize and Fazbear... The little pork pie hat and polka-dot bowtie was a new look for him. And for some reason, he was clearing the stage of everything but a center microphone.

Possessed by morbid curiosity, Mike continued watching this bizarre version of Fazbear set up... whatever ad take a position behind the microphone.

The animatronic bear tapped the microphone a few times before opening his mouth.

"Hello and welcome all you late-night comedy fans! I'm Fozzie Fozbear and you look like a great audience!"

'What in the world...?' Mike blinked in total and complete confusion.

(1.12) Awesomedude17

Freddy Fazbear awoke, only to get clonked on the head with a mallet.

Shaking his head, and popping his top hat back out, he looked to the offending being, a grey rabbit, who looked to the side.

"Geeze, what a maroon."

If Freddy could scowl, he would, but he decided to just grab the rabbit by the neck and hold him to his eyes.

"Meep!"

Freddy narrowed his eyes.

"Eh, listen buddy. You don't want to hurt me. I'm just another looper going through the motions."

'Looper?' Freddy asked himself as he released the rabbit.

"Name's Bugs Bunny. Here ya go." The rabbit tossed him a sign. Freddy tilted his head, wondering what this was.

"Just flip it, an' ya got your message."

Freddy thought about it, and did so.

' *I am Freddy Fazbear. What's going on?'*

"Well Freddy, it's simple. Cut to next scene."

"You see, there's this tree, Yggdrasil, an' it's all Looney Toons now, so we gotta repeat time, ovah and ovah again. Fer here, no big deal. We're timeless. Less fer some others. Some don't even make it past Read-Only, or worse, quarantined."

' *Wait, so that's why that security guard survived so many times... he... didn't.'* Freddy flipped the sign.

"An' fer every loop, there's an anchor. Now, I'm an anchor, and if the anchor goes kaput, the loop resets. Therefore, when I go kaput, the loop ends."

Freddy nodded.

"An' then there's variant loops. Easy to know really, my buddy Mickey has a couple loops that he'd rather not bother with, if ya know what I mean."

' *Bad loops?'*

"Yep. There's a few notable loops. Here's a catalog made by them Warhammer 40K guys."

Freddy grabbed the catalog, and saw the basic details of a loop. Interestingly, it also had a list of quite a few 'glitches' that might occur, and a few syndromes, including one on a Sakura.

"Ah, Sakura Syndrome. Poor girl, loopin' through time and human sanity don't mix well."

Freddy actually felt some fear. What if he turned out like Sakura.

"Listen, for the sake of yer buddies, try ta figure out what's going on in yer loop, from one rabbit, to a bear." Bugs took a bite out of a carrot and gave Freddy a wink.

Freddy flashed the best smile he could give. He still had questions though.

"Fer most of the rest, all up ta you. What, did ya expect to get all the answers from me? No. But keep an' eye on the last page, those seven guys are really good." And with that, and a finger snap, the loop ended.

(1.13) Awesomedude17

Mike Awoke, already knowing that it was night one again.

Just as the phone rang, Freddy came in, and grabbed the security guard, surprising him.

Sudden fear of death came, but then turned to fear that Freddy was looping, and learning from his mistakes. He came closer to the parts and services room, and... made a sudden right turn to the stage.

Mike was plopped right onto the stage as the four animatronics looked down on him.

Freddy took out a sign.

'We need to talk, security guard.'

Mike, for all it was worth, was very confused. Foxy tapped out something, but couldn't bring the message across.

"SCREEEE!"

~Yes, Chica. I'm just as confused as you are.~

"Wait? Bonnie? What's going on?"

Freddy gave the answer. ' *We need to talk about this tree called Yggdrasil, and what it means for all of us, Mister...'*

"Schmidt, Mike Schmidt."

Freddy nodded.

"So, we're called loopers, and since I was the first to loop... I'm the anchor."

~Yes Mike. And trust me, some loops are weird. I was a girl for some loops.~

Chica gave out an offended screech.

~I'm sorry Chica.~

'The point is Mike, we're all looping, and we've seen no more reason to go after you if we're going to end up failing our mission.'

"Mission?"

'Isn't it obvious?'

"Ah, yeah. What's with Foxy?"

~He seems to be using a thing called Morse Code.~

"Uh huh... and where'd you learn to speak like that, Bonnie?"

~Don't ask.~

Mike shook his head.

'It's almost 6, Mike. Go back to the office, we'll handle the rest.'

"Alright, Freddy. I'm just not sure how all this happened?"

'We told you!'

"I know what I mean! Just, let me get back to work."

The animatronics shook their heads as they looked at each other.

"What now?" Foxy asked.

"We let things play out, Foxy."

1.1) Welcome to the loops, Five Nights at Freddy's and our anchor, Mike Schmidt.

1.2) The animatronics, looping?

1.3) Mike's first variant loop.

1.4) Soon after the loop ended, Mike wondered if the animatronics simply hated security guards that much.

1.5) Sunset Shimmer does not take shit from Freddy's.

1.6) Sir Integra sowed the seeds of fear into our animatronics. Alucard thought that this event was hilarious.

1.7) Ghost Nappa takes a break from cursing Ranma to curse Vegeta for old times sake.

1.8) Dr. Wily is a monster.

1.9) 90's pop culture references!

1.10) The God Emperor of Mankind will not fall to mere robotic versions of Chaos.

1.11) "Why are we looking at this dumb loop?" "Because the security guard needs to feel our torture too." "DOHOHOHO!"

1.12) Freddy Fazbear and Bugs Bunny, whoda thunk it? Also, welcome to the loops Freddy.

1.13) And now all the loopers are together.

Chapter 2

2.1 (Harosata)

Koro-Sensei's eyes darted left and right, front and back. "I should have just become a teacher!"

In the first hour alone, he was looking for the missing Freddy. An hour later, he had to slam the door on a wailing Chica. "Why did I even take this job!"

Tentacles flung everywhere. On the computer, on the swings, and on the walls. All he had to do was survive until it was six, and he only had an hour to go. "Just have to survive a little longer..."

The lights turned off. The doors opened. Why did they design the security office to be not-so-secure anyway? Then he hear metal clanging on ceramic tiles. "Crap, Foxy! Crap, crap!"

Koro-Sensei looked for anything. Guns, barricades, even a flashlight. But when he looked up, the only thing he saw was Foxy's eyes and a row of jagged metal. "Nooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

"SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Foxy backed away, reaching into its mouth. With a toothless whimper, it retreated back to its cove.

Then Koro-Sensei remembered several benefits he had, including the fact that metal tends to melt in him. "Nyu..nyufufufufu...That's right, this is one security guard you can't bite into! I am invincible! What are you going to do about it?"

RING RING.

Looks like there was enough electricity for the phone to work. "Moshi Moshi?"

"Yeah, Phone Guy again. So yeah, our guys wants to replace Freddy and friends' teeth and claws with something more rubbery. They call it Anti-Sensei or something. Anyway, I guess that means you won't have to worry about bite marks."

CLICK.

It was six o'clock.

Koro-Sensei slowly put the phone down. "Who keeps putting Anti-Sensei stuff in these Loops!?"

2.2 (Codelyoko22)

"Engage the guard mother*BLEEP*er."

"I hate this loop," Mike muttered while quickly preparing to fight Freddy.

2.3 (Pixel the Square)

It was a fairly normal morning for Mike. He was sitting at the table, enjoying his breakfast, reading the news, just glad he wasn't working at Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria for this loop. He leaned back, turned to the classified ads as he needed a job, and started taking a long swig from his glass of milk.

Pfffffffttt !

He sprayed milk everywhere as he read one ad in particular.

"Wanted: Day manager for Freddy Fazbear's Daycare. Call 1-800-4FREDDY"

He stared blankly at the ad and almost by instinct, he found himself pulling out his phone and dialing the number. The phone rang once, twice, then an all too familiar voice answering.

"Oh well hey there!" It was the phone guy, "You're calling about the job for the daycare right? Well alright then, you're actually the first person to call. In fact, you'll be our first employee. So uh come to our office across from the old Freddy's Pizzeria location."

He was slightly confused. The "old" location? He shrugged and figured it simply meant where the restaurant had always been. Within a few minutes he was near the old restaurant, which had been remodeled into something much happier. The new sign read, "Fazbear's Daycare," which was under a rainbow and a smiling sun.

He went over to the office and walked in. It was quite plain, a basic waiting room with a desk, a table with a few magazines, and a single door. He was about to sit down and pick up a magazine when a voice called from beyond the door.

"Oh, you're here! Come on in."

It was the phone guy. Mike suddenly became interested. Would he finally get to see the legend, the phone guy. He reached out for the door, his hand closing around the knob. After a moment's hesitation, he turned the knob and pushed the door open. He was not amused with what he saw. It was an empty room, save for a table with a single phone on it.

"Well I've actually got some good news for you Mike. Since you've worked at one of our previous locations, you're good to go."

Mike resisted the urge to pick up the phone and smash it. But whatever, he had a job and it promised to be much less stressful than his other one. There was one problem though, he had no idea when he'd start working. He waited, hoping for more information, but none came. He was slightly frustrated but couldn't think of any

solution except walking over to the new business and see what he could find out.

Within a few minutes, he was looking inside the currently closed daycare. The only sign that it would be open soon was a piece of paper with "Open Monday" scrawled on it. After some more looking, he found the hours. "Open 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays" At least he got to work the same amount as his old job. He pressed his face to the glass, hoping to catch a glimpse of what he was in for, but he didn't see anything besides the usual. It looked like he'd just have to wait until Monday to find out what it was like.

2.4 (Awesomedude17)

The Blood Gulch crew Awoke inside a complicated dungeon, caring less about how and why they're here, and how they're going to get out. They decided to charge a random door and hope for the best.

Sin Integra, Seras and Alucard Awoke and found themselves inside a strange dungeon, not sure why they're here, but it can be assumed that the owner isn't so nice. They decided to choose a random door, and move.

Mike and the Fazbear animatronics had no idea where they Awoke, but judging by the aesthetics, it was like something out of a Dungeons and Dragons game to Mike. Taking cues from each other, they chose the only exit.

The three group entered the same chamber, confused at each other.

Simmons caught sight of Bonnie.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH~!"

The machines turned to look, only to stop at Sir Integra.

"SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE~!"

Alucard looked around, and saw Caboose.

"Cardy, you're here!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO~!"

The screams caused a fourth door to get kicked off it's hinges.

"FOR PETE'S SAKE, SHUT UP!" Screamed The Master, the owner of the castle.

"Trust me, it wasn't my idea for these morons to start screaming." Church snarked over the screaming.

2.5 (Awesomedude17)

Jeremy Fitzgerald was confused. For the first point, he was back in the night shift again, despite being transferred to the day shift.

Second, he had noticed on occasion that the old Fazbear animatronics were not acting themselves every so often, sometimes actively helping him by holding off the toys (the puppet still manages to get to him though, much to his annoyance.) Sometimes they'd be the usual brand of murder machines.

Third was what got him the most.

He was killed, more than once. Sometimes, even the kid animatronic killed him, with a strategic use of his sign after dodging Foxy to his temple.

And once he memorized how the animatronics acted, he managed to survive several nights.

Sometimes he quit after the first night.

It was only now that he realized that something was not right.

It *was* Freddy Fazbear Pizza, but it wasn't the one he usually works at.

Confusion soon led to Bonnie sneaking in, and grabbing his shoulder.

"Gaaah!"

~Relax.~

"B-Bonnie! Your face is... You have a face?"

~Oh, that explains that loop.~

"Loop?"

~Do not worry about the others, it's time you learned what's going on. Just a fair warning, you should learn morse.~

"Why-"

~Trust me, you'll need it.~

Jeremy had to admit, a talking Bonnie was the least weird thing going on today.

But there was a lot to ask though.

2.6 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Foxy appeared in the doorway, wanting to jump scare baseline Mike for old time's sake, only to find Freddy, Bonnie and Chica as animatronics hiding behind the chair. He transmitted *'Arr, what are ye be doing in here.'*

Freddy grabbed Foxy and pulled him behind the chair along with the rest. Only now did he notice Bonny was shivering, a feat most thought impossible . Freddy's voice echoed in his servers, *'Get down. **She's** still out there.'*

Foxy stood up, sat in the chair, and pulled up the security feed, only for the first image to appear is a headless Golden Freddy resting on the stage. Foxy's mouth opened wide and his eyes glowed for a second. His memory banks processed this for a second, then she started flipping through the cameras, looking for who could possibly have done this, only for the camera to land on Pirates Cove, where a single woman with long, blonde hair stood staring at the camera. The woman wore glasses that somehow shimmered even in the darkness of night. Her eyes were cold as the Frozen North. She had a cigar in her mouth that glowed as she took a puff of the harmful vice. He noticed that something was wrong with her left eye. He couldn't quite tell, but something swirled in her iris.

"SCREEE!"

The voice echoed behind him, prompting Foxy to turn around. Chica was flapping her wings in a panic as she looked on. Freddy held his paw to his mouth and Bonnie was shivering hard enough to hear the metal bits of the suit grinding against the endoskeleton.

Foxy looked back, only to realize the woman was gone. Sensing a theme here, he flipped to a familiar hallway camera to see the woman stalking the hallway, a rapier in hand and cigar smoke trailing behind her. Foxy's hand was fast enough that he managed to close the door before she arrived. For a minute, nothing happened, then her voice echoed from beyond the doorway. "I can only assume you have a good reason for being in there Foxy. If you are not back in your cove by the time I return from the kitchen, I will do to you what I did to your Golden Compatriot. I even recorded it to show Freddy if he tried to pull what he pulled first time I was here."

It went silent a second later. Bonnie looked from behind the chair and asked, *'Is she gone?'*

Foxy pushed the left light button, to reveal the female with one blue eye and a red sharingan eye staring at them, her eyes burning with an icy fury that froze the animatronics to the core. Freddy jumped back as Integra shouted, "As for the rest of you, if I so much as see you anywhere near my security booth again, I swear upon my name, Integra Fairbrook Windgates Hellsing that you will not see the end of the loop! I will make your destruction so painful that even your unawake selves will feel it for the next ten loops!"

With that, the light disappeared. Foxy tapped the light again a second later, only for Integra to be long gone. He pulled up the old video of Integra's confrontation with Golden Freddy. Literally, she stepped into the room, saw Golden Freddy, and Golden Freddy's head disappeared. Undoubtedly due to the Sharingan's Kamui technique. Needless to say, the rest of the six nights were quite uneventful.

2.7 (Gamerex27)

Mike idly drummed his fingers on the desk. He had gotten so used to ending up here in these repeats that the animatronics had ceased to scare him at all.

Well, the *animatronics* specifically. Golden Freddy still scared the living shit out of him. As did whatever the hell replaced his predecessor's phone call on Night 5.

Which, incidentally, was now. The phone began to ring.

Mike ignored it. After all, it would just be that insane babble again (the one time he had tried to decode it, the speech had turned out to be an except from, of all things, a monk's biography).

But when the voice sounded, it wasn't the demonic speech.

"Uh, hello?" Phone Guy's distinct and very not-dead voice said. "Hello hello?"

What.

"So, it's me. I'm still here. Turns out the clock hit six the second Freddy...uh, entered the office. Congrats on getting to Friday, by the way. Hope you'll enjoy the paycheck."

Mike almost opened his mouth to reply, but then stopped himself. Even though what Phone Guy was saying had happened to him a few times, he had still heard screams and snapping sounds in last night's call, just as usual. Obviously, something was up.

"Anyways, I got out of it fine. It's...not like they stuffed me in a suit, and I'm wandering the halls to eat your delicious flesh. Nothing like that at all."

The time traveller facepalmed. As always, Phone Guy was a *terrible* liar.

"So, I figured you could use some help," he continued. "What with this being your last night this week, it'd be a shame if there were an accident involving us-I mean, the characters. So, keep your doors open, and I'll be there to get you. In fact, I'm here right now!"

Wait. That last part wasn't on the phone.

In the span of a split second, Mike lunged at the door's switch just before a bloody Freddy suit stepped through the door.

"Alright, I can *see* how this looks," the Phone guy said, his voice marred by static and muffled by the solid steel door. "But it's just a disguise! I got into a spare suit, and it turns out it's not *as* lethal as I thought. Uh, I mean it's not *lethal at all!...* Seriously, though...can you let me in? I want to pick up my paycheck."

Mike heard heavy footstep out in the hall. Turning on the light, he saw Foxy approach the Phone Guy, blink his electronic eyes, and shake his head sadly. He promptly turned right around, and walked back towards the cove.

2.8 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Freddy awoke just as the clock struck midnight. He pinged, and the only response he got was from the security booth. He stood up and started lumbering down the familiar halls. He arrived a minute later to see a man glaring out the window in his direction. The security guard tapped the hallway light, revealing Freddy with his sign saying, *Can we talk?*

Chica couldn't help but follow several feet behind Freddy as he made his way towards the security booth. Freddy never, ever approached the security booth unless the Night Guard exhausted his power supply. If she had more emotions, she'd almost be curious when the bear pulled out a sign from literally nowhere. But then, an earsplitting crack echoed down the hallway causing Chica to jump back. The animatronic bear's head exploded, along with the security guard's window, revealing the guard with what appeared to be a futuristic handgun. The bird fled back down the hall and returned to her position on the stage and stayed there for the rest of the night.

Several Hundred loops later

Freddy's eyes were narrowed at the human downing his Ryncol as if it were nothing. The human turned to him and asked, "What?"

The humanized animatronic pointed an accusatory finger at him, "You killed me at Fazbear's Pizzeria!"

The human blinked, "Oh, you must be Freddy. How could I have known you were looping? I only knew of your loop by reputation. Of course I'm going to shoot first, ask questions later."

He held out a hand to Freddy, intent on making it up to him, "Commander Shepard. Alliance Navy and Council Spectre. Sorry

about the misunderstanding. I'll show you around the Galaxy next time you're in my universe. We'll have fun."

Freddy looked between the human and his hand, then shrugged. "I'll take you up on that. As long as you don't shoot me in the face again."

Knowing that Freddy wouldn't shake, Shepard pulled his hand back and smirked. "Sure, as long as you and your friends don't try stuffing me in an animatronic suit."

2.9 (Awesomedude17)

Mike Schmidt groaned when he got three pings back. He had to find who wasn't awake, and he had to find out fast.

Or Golden Freddy might be the one who offs him this time. He did that often.

It took him a while, but it turned out to be Bonnie, who managed to sneak into his office.

"SCREEEEEEEEEE-"

"GOD-DAMMIT!"

The phone rang, but Mike pushed the button and muted it. sending out a ping, he got four in response. He walked to the animatronics and sighed.

"We need to figure out who's awake, and who's not." Mike plainly said.

'We ping, Mike.' Freddy's sign read.

"That doesn't let me know who's Awake. Bonnie got me last loop, because I had no idea who wasn't Awake."

'An' what do ye suggest ta make it easier on us, Mikey?' Foxy tapped out.

"You think we can add to our pings?"

The animatronics looked at each other awkwardly.

~We don't know.~

"When we end up in a loop with a smart person, we tell them our suggestion."

2.10 (kingofsouls)

Sena sighed. Another day, another Lonely Loop.

"Class, we have a transfer student toady. One from America."

That's interesting. Sena thought to himself as the student entered the room. He was African American, and had a bow tie instead of the regular tie his school uniform required. "Good morning everyone. I'm Freddy Fazbear. Pleased to make your acquaintance."

Freddy ran as fast as human legs could take him as Sena flew in the air, garbed in his Sacred Treasures and wielding a bow that shot arrows of light like it was a freaking machine gun made of magic.

It was a wonder that the arrows were somehow missing. **"STAND STILL YOU SATANIC MACHINE!"**

"WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU!"

"YOU KILLED ME!"

"DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW LITTLE THAT NARROWS IT DOWN?"

2.11 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Engineer sat at the security terminal, his feet rested on the desk with an entire case of beer on one of his predecessor's magazines. He tipped the beer back and sighed, "Life of Riley, Mmm..."

"SCREEE-"

Another animatronic's head appeared in the doorway, only for the entire robot to disappear into a burst of red light as the teleporter sent him to the furthest corner of the restaurant. He muttered, "Nope," and went back to his beer. Pity Fazbear's didn't hire him on as a mechanic. He'd be able to fix these malfunctioning robots lickity split. Now, he was stuck once again acting as security for a poorly paying, possibly evil company.

Suddenly, the power cut out, along with the teleporter. He muttered, "Ah, hell."

Twin eyes started glowing in the left doorway as a lullaby started playing. Engineer looked at the eyes, then pulled out a control with a two red buttons. He pushed the left one first, which activated the level 3 sentry behind him, then pushed the second, activating night vision mode. Seconds later, Freddy was in a dozen pieces. Engie pulled out a lantern and turned it on, pulled the pieces of the animatronics through the doorway, and started examining the individual pieces. After working with Greyman Mann's robots that one loop, these were a piece of cake. By morning, Fazbear's Pizzeria would never know their prized robot had been cut to pieces by twin machine guns and a rocket launcher turret.

2.12 (novusordomundi)

Open Mouth.

"CRUSH! KILL! DESTROY! SWAG!"

Close Mouth.

Mike Schmidt just looked on as Foxy kept opening his mouth, different voices and phrases coming out of it. Apparently he had a voice chip this Loop that had been programmed by someone with *way* too much time on their hands.

"Want to know why my Roger is so Jolly?"

A pause, before Foxy tapped in Morse Code " *I be keeping this line, matey."* Mike only rolled his eyes as Foxy closed and opened his mouth again.

"No Items. Fox Only. Final Destination."

" Didn't you do that one already? *"* Mike asked?. Foxy only nodded his head as he opened his mouth again...

"I'M THE CONDUCTOR OF THE POOP TRAIN!"

Foxy actually paused at this, before glaring as best as an animatronic robot can at Mike, who simply shrugged. "Hey, you said it, not me."

2.13 (GammaTron)

"I'm not doing it!" Simmons argued.

"Dude, you lost the bet and this is the only Loop after that bet we made that you lost that we've been in with the location!" Tucker argued.

"But it's horrible! Did you not see the cobwebs?!" Simmons demanded.

"So? It's gonna close down at the end of the year," Tucker informed before pushing Simmons towards the building, "Besides, you shouldn't have argued with me in the first place."

"How was I supposed to know that Loop had that kind of issue with physics?!" Simmons demanded.

"Well, face it. You lost, I won, so you have to do this," Tucker informed.

"B-But...! I'm scared of the bunny!" Simmons whimpered.

"Yeah. The guy who 'made' this in the Hub Loop said that the guy scares him, too," Tucker couldn't help but agree, "But you shouldn't have lost the bet."

"Curse you, faulty physics that Loop!" Simmons began to cry, "I don't want to do it, Tucker~!"

"Look. If you can last all seven nights, then when we Loop here when it's thirty years from now, I'll handle it."

"...Pinkie Promise?" Simmons asked.

"Yeah, yeah, dude. Cross my heart, hope to fly, and all that junk," Tucker waved him off before forcing Simmons into Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria, "Now here comes your Five Nights at Freddy's!" *'And my video of you messing yourself up in fear.'*

"How is it 'Five Nights' when there are seven?!" Simmons demanded.

2.14 (Awesomedude17)

Engineer looked over RED team when he Woke up and noticed that Scout wasn't Scout, but Foxy. The animatron gave a hint of smile as he replaced his hook with a gunslinger.

Looking into his loop memories, Dell found out that the Administrator had brought Foxy and had him make the robot combat ready, as opposed to paying Scout.

Dell chuckled, the countdown began, and Foxy took out a scattergun.

Before the countdown ended, Dell had one thought.

'Is there a BLU Foxy?'

2.15 (Evilhumour)

Fluttershy was watching the bear stand in the doorway with one eye and keeping another on the time.

She desperately wished for it to tick over, and be done with this week.

Suddenly, it was 6 AM.

"YES!" She shouted. "I AM THE ***QUEEN*** ! OF FIVE NIGHTS AT ***FREDDY*** ! ***YAAAAAAAH!*** " She then blinked, looking at the terrified animatronic bear in the doorway. "Oops." She squeaked out. "Sorry."

2.16 (Awesomedude17 cont. of 2.14)

Dell sighed. While Foxy communicated well with verbal motions and screams, there wasn't much else to help the poor guy out.

He could fix the voicebox, but there wasn't any way he could program a distinct voice for him without finding Scout to record some lines.

And Scout was hardly a people person.

Engineer tapped the desk, trying to find an answer.

He tapped.

And he tapped.

Tap.

Dell may know that morse code was not a universal language to his team, but it'd be permanent seeing that Foxy suddenly sent out a ping.

"Dell, you are a genius. Why, thank you kindly, Dell."

2.1) Koro-Sensei could fire three machine guns into himself and not get a dent. However, one Anti-Sensei pellet can blow his tentacle off.

2.2) inhale my dong enragement reader

2.3) This can't any worse than regular Freddy's, right?

2.4) The screaming lasted for hours, or it felt like hours... everyone was too annoyed to notice.

2.5) Jeremy Fitzgerald, welcome to the loops.

2.6) Yep, Sir Integra is still scary.

2.7) All he wanted was his paycheck.

2.8) +17 Renegade

2.9) Can pings even be modified?

2.10) Sadly, no looper remembers anything they weren't Awake for, that included Freddy.

2.11) Sometimes, an Engineer is all you need, pardner.

2.12) Who wants to bet that Sakura did this?

2.13) Shortly after, Simmons fear of Bonnie became crippling. If it weren't so sad, it'd be funny.

2.14) Yes Dell, there was a BLU Foxy, and it was tacky!

2.15) Fluttershy, wow!

2.16) How Foxy learnt Morse Code.

Chapter 3

3.1 (GammaTron)

Mike blinked a few times as he Awoke. Looking down, he saw a pair of mounds that should not have been there on his body. Michele Schmidt sighed, realizing that it was going to be that thing he was warned by other Loopers was gonna happen.

"FUCK ME!"

Michele yelped, nearly falling out of her chair and quickly turned on the tablet. She blinked a few times. Currently on a rant on the main stage was a young woman with purple hair, wearing a white button shirt, a purple vest, purple pants, and black dress shoes...with an interesting pair of rabbit ears on her head. Giggling to herself was a shorter young, blond-haired woman in a yellow and white dress from the seventies, the front of the dress having 'Let's Eat' on it. Shaking her head nearby was the tallest of the three women with her brown shoulder-length hair under a top hat and bear ears. She wore a formal black and brown suit with a red bowtie on her neck.

"This is going to be one strange Loop, huh?" Michelle turned to see a tall, shapely woman with long, red hair, a hook for a hand, an eyepatch, and what would be a stereotype for a pirate captain's attire...with a somewhat exposed animatronic fox tail and a furry pair of fox ears.

"True, Foxy," Michelle admitted.

"Apparently, I'm called 'Foxine' this Loop. Freddy's 'Fredi,' Bonnie's 'Bon-bon,' and Chica's 'Chichi,'" the pirate fox sighed, leaning against the border of the door, "...And apparently, we can eat and drink because the guy who made us wanted us to be as life-like as possible. ...Got anything that can get me good and drunk for the rest of the Loop?"

"Nope," Michelle sighed.

"Son of a bitch," both slumped.

"DAMN YOU, TREE!" 'Bon-Bon' roared to the heavens or, specifically, to Yggdrasil.

3.2 (GammaTron)

Jeremy scratched his head, trying to make sense of what he was seeing. Right now, he had taken Mike's place again, but there was something off. For one, the Animatronics were all waiting for him in the office. The second, they were all shivering and checking the cameras.

"Uh...Hello?"

Jeremy had never seen the four move so fast before. Foxy was stuck in the ceiling, Chica was trying to hide under the desk, and Bonnie and Freddy were in fetal position, sucking their thumbs.

"Uh...What just happened?" Jeremy asked.

'We had a Stealth Anchor last Loop,' Freddy held up a sign while still frightened, 'The guy who was here...' flip, '...was the Pyro. And he wasn't Awake.'

"The who?" Jeremy asked.

'Did ye not have a Loop in Team Fortress 2, laddie?!' Foxy tapped.

"No. Never even heard of it," Jeremy replied.

=Five minutes later=

"...So he burned you all?" Jeremy asked.

"SCREEEE!"

"Oh, he broke Bonnie's head, Freddy's arm, and then set your head on fire," Jeremy nodded, "And then when it got put out, he took out a lighter."

'I do not want to deal with an Unawake Pyro again...' Freddy signed.

"Oh, that reminds me," Jeremy noted before a figure entered the room behind him, "Apparently, there are two Night Guards this Loop, and he's Awake too."

The Pyro gave a muffled 'hello' and a wave. The animatronics all screamed before running out of the room and into the backstage area, where they quickly barricaded the door. Jeremy scratched his head in confusion as he looked at the Pyro and then at where the Animatronics had fled.

"Got any clue what's wrong with them?" Jeremy asked, earning a shrug and a muffled 'I don't know' from the Pyro as he/she lit a party hat on fire.

3.3 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

It was Late Afternoon in Dallas, Texas, at the Texas Ranger's Headquarters. Trivette grabbed his jacket as he strode towards the elevator with purpose, "Walker, I'm off."

Walker gave his partner a nod and asked with levity, "Gonna check on your investments? Like that cattle deal?"

Trivette held up his hands in defense, "How could I have known there were no cattle?"

Walker shrugged, "I don't know, you go out to the ranch and actually looked?"

Trivette pulled off his ten gallon and rubbed his head, "Look, I'm not doing any more investments right now. A new place is opening up,

and I'll be working overnight security on the weekends. I start tonight."

Walker blinked, "Huh...and it won't interfere with your task force duties?"

"I have it worked out with the restaurant that investigations come first. They have a backup guard on call should any investigations come up. The place is only ten minutes away."

Walker shrugged. It was out of the ordinary that he took a security job instead of his usual careless investments, but better that than losing money to another phony oil investment with the IRS breathing down their necks. "Alright. What's the place?"

Trivette pulled out a flier and handed it to Walker. Walker's hopeful attitude at Travette turning things around disappeared completely. "Freddy's Fazbear Pizzeria, you haven't heard the stories about the one in Aurora, Colorado?"

James held up his hands, "I did look into it, and they're legit, really. Fazbears has several restaurants throughout the country. The news says the incident was isolated and the animatronics there had been tampered by a disgruntled employee."

The ranger looked at Travette with concern. "Trivette, you're my friend. As your friend, I'm asking, begging you to quit. I don't want to investigate my friend's murder by animatronic robot."

Trivette gave Walker a pat on the shoulder. "Walker, you worry too much. Opportunity has knocked, and I'm gonna take it."

The more experienced ranger thought for a minute, then replied. "Alright. But I'm coming with you. I'll meet you tonight, 30 minutes to midnight outside the restaurant, alright?"

Trivette almost shrugged him off, but noticed the concerned expression. "Alright, Walker."

Trivette sat at the booth and read a magazine while Walker flipped through the monitors with fervor. The night had only just begun, but already Walker noticed things were different from what the other loopers had told him about this restaurant. First thing, there was no Pirates Cove. Second, there was no phone guy giving messages to Trivette. Heck, there weren't even blast doors, just a regular computer monitor and a couple easily closed wooden doors. Walker shifted his monitor to the center stage, where Freddy, Bonnie and Chica were sitting perfectly still. Their eyes were closed and they hadn't moved from their spot an inch for an hour.

He sent out a ping, only for five pings to appear, quite a distance away to the northeast. Freddy and the other two weren't awake then...here at least. Trivette did say that there were other Fazbear Pizzerias in the country, maybe Freddy was awake in another state altogether.

The next night was much like the first, quiet and completely uneventful. Trivette seemed mildly annoyed, "Walker, I appreciate your concern, but I'm fine. I did some more research last night, and the company that built the animatronics recalled most of their robots, fixing their lock up issues and further reprogrammed them with additional security features before the company reopened their restaurants."

Walker licked his lips. "Maybe you're right, Trivette. Still, I'd like to meet the manager. You think you could arrange a meeting? I don't want Dallas' Fazbear Pizzaria to be like Aurora's."

The manager was very accommodating for Walker. He showed Walker reports on the incident and how Fazbears was working to correct their chain's mistakes. He even offered to set up a meeting with the new company owner, who had instructed all restaurant owners to inform him if someone was concerned about the

animatronics and their previous safety issues. The owner arrived next Thursday and met with Walker at the Taskforce's headquarters. Walker invited the man into a conference room and closed the door behind him. Immediately after the door closed, a ping washed over Walker, originating from the owner. Walker returned with his own Ping. The owner's mouth spread into a wide grin, "So you were the one who sent out the ping earlier. My name is Mike Schmidt. Ordinarily, I'm the night guard for Fazbear's Pizzeria, but this loop I own the company. Awoke a year ago and started implementing changes and fixing the company's dirty reputation."

Walker seemed to relax a bit. "Cordell Walker, Texas Ranger. I'm the anchor for my loop. My partner, James Trivette, is moonlighting as a security guard for your company. Should I be concerned for him?"

Mike shook his head. "No, no. All the problems have been ironed out. In addition to programming a night function into the animatronics that recognizes the guards as both lawfully present and fully human, I ordered a safety feature installed that, should an animatronic enter the security booth, the endoskeleton would lock up completely, rendering the robot inert. Further, the robots were re-designed to solve the lock up issues that plagued the first generation animatronics, so they are kept on lockdown throughout the night anyway."

Walker nodded, "Is that so? Alright, a couple more things, I'd like remote access to the Dallas Fazbear Camera System, that way I can check on Trivette at any time. Further, our animatronics are to be fitted with a remote switch that will lock down the robots in case their programming fails. That switch will be given to Trivette."

Mike nodded, "Done and done. Now that your concerns with Fazbear's Pizzaria have been addressed, tell me about the Texas Rangers and your loop."

3.4 (GammaTron)

'Chica, talk,' Freddy ordered.

Chica shook her head. Mike facepalmed with a sigh, trying to figure out what was going on with Chica this Loop.

'C'mon, Lass, won't ye try t' sing us a few hums?' Foxy asked.

Chica shook her head again.

~Oh, for the love of Pizza, talk dang it!~ Bonnie demanded, slamming his fists on a table in annoyance.

"...Pizza."

The four males of the FNaF Loops blinked a few times. Foxy's eyepatch went up as Bonnie's ears stiffened.

"..." Mike walked out, into the bathroom, and let out a series of cusses.

~Huh...Now I owe Dexter Grif all the Oreos I can collect whenever I get the chance~ Bonnie noted.

'What about Mike?' Freddy asked.

~He now has to be the headliner for Twilight's new Grifball Team. You know he hates the sport after what happened the first time~

'Oh yeah...Did they ever get that Gravity Hammer out of him before the Loop ended?' Freddy asked.

~He refuses to say~

'I thought that this was just something those humans in the Hub Loops did for humor,' Foxy tapped, *'Honestly, lass, I feel sorry fer ye this Loop. And I was th' one who did th' Bite this Loop.'*

'...Chica, next time we see one of the other robots that are Looping, we'll see if they can help with a different method for you to talk when

we have to deal with, well...this,' Freddy's sign informed.

"Pizza..." Chica nodded in agreement.

(Addendum by Awesomedude17)

Meanwhile.

"Hey Grif, I saw you talking with those... Ugh, animatronics. What's up?" Simmons asked.

"Oh, just a little wager."

"About what?"

"Whether all Chica says is pizza or not."

"Of fucking course you'd choose pizza. You fucking slob."

"Whatever, I think I got this in the bag."

"I really hope not."

3.5 (Enochi)

Freddy groaned, his servos creaking rather alarmingly as he pushed them as hard as he dared. It was already the 7th night and he would be damned if he let that security guard escape again.

He had thought that this one would be another easy one. The first night Bonnie had slipped rather easily and the rather excitable fellow had ran out the other door with a yell. Somehow the guard slipped past Chica but both the Chicken and Rabbit had given chase...for the full 6 hours. Admittedly Freddy had at the time been amused by the spectacle and hadn't join the chase wanting to let his compatriots enjoy themselves has their untiring bodies eventually wore down the killer. (Though Freddy would admit that urge had lessened...It had

been all consuming for as long as he could remember then suddenly... not. Still it was what he knew so it was what he did.) But somehow the man with the strangely crooked pointy hat evaded them at every turn not slowing in the slightest.

The bear had prepared himself for a rather boring remainder of the week. Usually if the new guard had too close a call on the first night they would rarely encore for a second. However he was pleasantly surprised when he saw the man return for another night. This would be over quickly tonight Foxy would deal with him in short order. However again the infuriating target forwent the security door system to run around like a headless chicken and managed out speed even Foxy. Clearly this would require a more personal touch.

However much to his own frustration even with his own inclusion the next four nights had been much the same the man was never in one place long enough for his golden twin to manifest. However tonight would be different he could feel it in his pistons and springs. It had taken them over 5 hours and using far more coordination than they had even used before but they finally cornered him. The man was rounding back toward the Security office but as he approached Foxy filled the doorway for second then with a slam the security door shut completely blocking the path of the runner. Considering how many times those doors had stopped him from getting his prey if felt a certain sense of irony at the reversal. Spinning around the man with the crooked hat faced him backing up slightly as he tried to look for a path past the animatronic however behind the bear he could make out the dimly glowing eyes of the other two murderous members of the Fazbear band. Moving slowly and carefully to prevent this slippery fish form eluding him again Freddy advanced beginning his anthem as he savored the resigned expression on his opponent's face. Said opponent removed something from his pocket it was a...sock?! with a brick inside it?...

Freddy seethed inside as his programing forced him back to the stage an untold number of dents and minor rips and tears on his frame. How could one man fight off 3 insanely strong (4 when Foxy

joined in) for a good 5 minutes with nothing more than a sock with a brick in it then somehow manage to give them the slip and run them around till 6. Never had Freddy felt so so humiliated. Screw the modicum of fair play of easing the new guards into the grand game and their trial by fire no from now on there would be no mercy for these killers.

3.6 (Evilhumour)

Dell shook his head.

"Now kids," he said as gently as he could, aware of that he shouldn't be taking to the customers like this but A) he couldn't care less about what people thought as he knew he wouldn't be fired by the idiots that ran this diner as he was the only person that was willing to do the night shift, B) the little monsters were handling *dangerous* parts of the animatronics, C) he *knew* that the machines could feel pain, D) the parents of little monsters were glad *someone* was making sure they little brats were safe, E) it felt good to teach, and F) it just felt plain *wrong* to see one of these beauties in pieces. "This is a sensitive piece of machinery." He gently stroked the broken body of the Toy Foxy, wondering if it was planning how to rip him apart already. "She can be a true beauty if you treat her right, and if you want, I can show you all how to fix her up *just* right."

He gently guided the kids in repairing the animatronic fox machine, with some odds and ends to it that made it resemble its original form. As the day began to wind down and his fellow other employees left, he stayed in the back, tinkering away on the Toy Foxy- it felt wrong to call her Mangle, an insult to what she could have been. He told her as such as he fixed her up, leaving to go get some of the spare suits for the Toy Foxy. As he left the room, he frowned.

"Now darling, you were on the table when I left ya," he said, eying the machine that was standing in front of him, still shy of twelve A.M when it would do its best to kill him. "You ain't suppose to wander just yet." He knelt down in front of her and felt her eyes bore into

him. "Before you go all wild tonight, let me dress ya up. A fine lady like ya'self shouldn't seen without your best on." He placed the costume on her and for a moment, he could the see the intended Toy Fox that the company meant to have before the kids went crazy on her.

Lifting her up and placing her in the room with the rest of them he moved to his chair to get ready for his first night of hell. As he set up Sentries around him, he was aware of a presence around him.

He didn't say anything or acknowledge her, but he felt the Toy Foxy watch him the entire shift, sometimes making sounds that alerted him to a wandering animatronic he missed in his sweep. As the hours slowly ticked over to six, his eyes finally darted upwards to the crouched Toy Foxy and smiled.

"Thank you kindly ma'am for keeping me company tonight," he tipped his hat to the Toy Foxy. "I'll try to see you a bit later today but I wouldn't be opposed to seeing ya again tomorrow night."

With that, Dell left the room with the Toy Foxy staring at him with confusion and wonder...and admiration. She would definitely would visit the adult that rebuilt her, called her by her real name and treated her... *right* .

3.7 (Evilhumour)

Magnus *hated* this loop.

On principle, it should have been easy to watch both sides and make sure these machine didn't break into his room and stuff him into a suit. Leman had done it, their Father had done it with Chaos Gods, hell, even Leman's *mutts* have done it!

Of course, they all had one advantage he *didn't* have.

Turning his head widely, he closed the door as Foxy slammed himself against the door, only for him be faintly aware of foot steps on the other side. Moving as quickly he could, he closed the door as the unAwake duck was stopped from entering inside.

The time was 1 AM in the morning on the first day of this blasted week.

He *really* hated his missing eye at times. He really did.

3.8 (Awesomedude17)

Bonnie awoke, and saw a huge group of white rabbits in front of him. Bonnie gave a smile to the bunnies.

They looked back, then to each other, then back.

Bonnie then panicked when they screamed and took out toilet plungers and golf balls.

Rayman saw a peculiar sight as the rabbids chased a mechanical rabbit around, armed with the usual *weapons* of plungers and knickknacks.

He shrugged, considering that he wasn't the victim this time.

3.9 (kingofsouls)

Bonnie Awoke, and quickly eyed the situation. He was in a classroom with a bushy haired teacher writing on the blackboard that stood in front of the classroom. To be honest the classroom looked less like a classroom and more like a bomb shelter form the nineteen forties judging from the gray steel walls.

The Loop Memories hit, and Bonnie resisted the urge to swear repeatedly and loudly: Bonnie was yet again a girl, this time a human.

Just as Bonnie started to go over her Loop Memories the door crashed open and the largest human Bonnie ever had the (dis)pleasure of seeing just kicked open the door and just barged in, the mammoth of a man just emerging into the classroom like the tide at the bach.

This was followed by some ranting from the Big Guy as Bonnie was tentatively calling him, followed next by a meek looking boy who judging by looks alone desperately needed a girlfriend throwing a smoke bomb and escaping. Every other person in the room quickly made their ways to the window to fearfully behold what they knew was coming next.

Bonnie was the only one in the room who didn't. The animatronic in human flesh simply sat at her desk, trying to make sense of this world's sense of normality and ignoring the squishy sounds of death the Big Guy was no doubt giving to the runaway.

"I'm guessing you're feeling Loopy and need an Anchor?" Bonnie turned her head and saw a raven haired teenager with a single red stripe of hair wearing a black sailor uniform. She was currently leaning up against a wall in the slumps that the No Stars called home.

"I go to Honoji Academy. It get's pretty crazy there, and it's only Monday." Bonnie snarked. The girl seemed to have a downfallen expression, seemingly expecting a different answer. "I'm also a visiting looper."

This seemed to cheer the girl up. "Ryuko Matoi. I'm the anchor." Ryuko then pointed to her clothes, which surprisingly opened a signal eye. "And this is Senketsu."

Somehow Bonnie got the distinct feeling that Senketsu was nodding to her, as if it was alive. Then again, usually She was an inanimate object, so there was no room to complain. "I'm Bonnie."

"Wait...Bonnie? That purple rabbit that's part of the Freddy Fazbear Gang? *That* Bonnie."

"...Yes." Bonnie let loose a very exasperated sigh. Apparently word about how the Fazbear Gang was looping, and how they weren't murdering everyone in sight like the average MLE was a gift from the Admins. "Trust me, we're not the psychos our Baseline paints us as."

Ryuoko just looked at Bonnie with a quizzical look before slowly asking "...aren't you a guy?"

"Usually. You have no idea how often I get gender-flipped." groaned Bonnie.

3.10 (GammaTron)

Mike began to hit his head on the desk. What did he do to deserve this?! He just Woke up after getting a job as mall security...only to find out all *fifty* stores had an animatronic...and all of them were gunning for him. He sent out a ping and got only Foxy in return. Turning on the camera system, he found Foxy was, once again, his human female-like self as an attraction for Foxine's Pizza Cove. He put it down and checked the only door to the place and yelped before slamming it shut. The movie store just had to have a Terminator Animatronic as its mascot.

3.11 (Codelyoko22)

"Good news everybody!" an Unawake Professor Farnsworth said as he walked into the room, "Today you are delivering this package to Fazbears-9, a planet that had been closed off and reopened recently after multiple incidences!"

Fry proceeded to faceplant.

(Awesomedude17)

"Wait, isn't that the planet where all those animatronics stuffed those humans in animal suits with crossbars?" Bender asked.

"Yes! It is! It *is* the planet where humans are shoved into the suit, in which the flesh is torn and crushed apart, and the only parts that see the light of day again are the eyes and teeth."

"I'm in!" Bender said.

"Oh, and Leela, be sure to bring back Fry's body, I need him for his eyes."

"Sure professor."

3.12 (Awesomedude17)

Freddy pinged, and four other pings came back. Freddy went over to find a different man in the office.

He was a redheaded man, with a trench coat, a t-shirt with an alien head on in, and jeans. He looked to Freddy, then the box of catnip in his hands.

"Woah, this is some good shit."

Freddy facepalmed. This was going to be a long and weird loop if the guard was a stoner who just tried to smoke *catnip* of all things.

3.13 (Rowan Ex)

Mike Woke up looking at a newspaper, looking at **THREE** Freddy Fazbear's Pizza advertisements. One is about Fazbear's Fright, the

other is his regular job, and the third is Jeremy's job. He looked at the man beside him.

"Well, though choose," Jeremy admitted.

Jeremy and Mike face each other, ready for a game of rock-paper-scissors.

"Winner gets least dangerous place?" Jeremy offered.

"Game on," Mike said, "ROCK PAPER SCISSORS!"

Mike went Rock while Jeremy went Rock. Then, Mike went Paper and Jeremy went Rock again.

"Aha!" Mike rejoiced, but quickly stopped after realising something. "Both are quite dangerous, actually. They're not Awake."

"Oh. Then the winner gets the Toy-friendly Pizzeria?" Jeremy offered.

"Game on."

After quite an argument and playing Rock, Paper, Scissors, Mike got into the Fazbear's Fright restaurant while Jeremy got his regular job, at the Kid-friendly pizzeria. Mike groaned in disapproval as Springtrap nearly got inside his room.

"Well, at least the Loop isn't stupid enough to make a pizzeria that has all 15..."

3.1) You'd be surprised how often Bonnie changes genders, fanbase.

3.2) Five nights with Pyro, ugh!

3.3) Let's face it, Walker's the closest we're gonna get to a looping Chuck Norris.

3.4) Grif got a lot of Oreos, double stuf too!

3.5) Rincewind 1, Fazbear 0.

3.6) A little love can go a long way.

3.7) Depth perception is the least of his worries.

3.8) Markle darmed rabbids!

3.9) Bonnie still hates becoming a girl. Might be because she's not used to boobs.

3.10) The worst was the Predator and the Xenomorph team-up, right before they fought each other.

3.11) Good News, Everyone, Futurama!

3.12) The Postal Dude tried a game mechanic, and looked like a fool instead. Nice one, Dude.

3.13) It could be worse. You could have a F***boy's loop. We all know how you hate those loops, Mikey.

The Creation of Turnabout's Joy

The Creation of Turnabout's Joy - A Five Night's at Freddy's 2/Ace Attorney Fused Loop

By: GammaTron and Awesomedude17

Edited by: OathToOblivion

'Why me? What did I do that had me have to deal with this?' Phoenix pondered in court.

"Witness, your name and occupation, please," the Judge ordered.

"Freddy Fazbear, Your Honor. Mascot of Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria," the animatronic bear informed, tipping his hat.

"...This is the Sparklestar Character Show all over again. Defense, please remove the costume from the witness," the Judge ordered.

"Um...I can't, Your Honor," Phoenix informed him. "The Witness is an Animatronic."

"I beg your pardon?" the Judge asked before Freddy removed his mask, revealing the robotic face under it, "Good heavens! The Witness will put their head back on this instant!" He shuddered. "Reminds me of those things from Chuck E. Cheese's..."

'Well, it's time to see just who really is the murderer...' Phoenix thought, glancing at the Defendant, Jeremy Fitzgerald. *'At least...for this Loop.'* he glanced at the Prosecution, Simon Blackquill. *'I really would've felt better cross-examining the whale again instead of this.'*

Blackquill slammed a hand on the table he was at, earning the Judge's flinch, "O-Oh. Right, let's move on. Mr. Fazbear, please tell

the court what you saw the day of the murders." It was then the lights went out. "Blast it all. Burnt fuse again."

'I really want the whale again,' Phoenix mentally sobbed as the Toreador March began to play, Freddy's eyes and mouth lighting up as it played, *'Or the parrots again.'*

Witness Testimony

-Day of the Murders-

"It was the good old days back then, me and my friends could roam freely without problems."

"It was like any other day. There were children having fun, and having a good time."

"And then some man came and took five of the children."

"I gave chase, trying to protect the children."

"But when he made a turn and I followed, there was no place he could've went. It was a dead end, but he... disappeared."

"Disappeared, you say?" the Judge asked.

"Yes, Your Honor. I couldn't find a trace of the man, or the children."

"Hmm. It seems to everyone here that Mr. Fazbear tried everything he could to help those poor children," Blackquill said. "To be perfectly honest, whoever did this is the lowest of all life. I'd take great pleasure in ensuring that the culprit is put to justice."

Phoenix nodded. "Glad to see that we're in agreement. Regardless, I intend to cross-examine this witness."

"Very well, Mr. Wright. You may begin your cross-examination."

"Yes, Your Honor."

Cross-Examination

"It was the good old days back then, me and my friends could roam freely without problems."

"HOLD IT!"

"Good old days?" Phoenix questioned.

"Yes. As you may be aware, 1987 wasn't a good year for Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. We used to be able to roam freely before then."

"And as we all know, 1987 was also the year the victims suffered their terrible fate." The Judge affirmed.

"Very well. Mr. Fazbear, would you explain what went on that day?"

"Yes, Mr. Wright."

"It was any other day, there were children having fun, and having a good time."

"And then some man came and took five of the children."

"HOLD IT!"

"Did you catch any details about the murderer?"

"He wore a yellow suit."

"Anything more specific?"

"I wish I could." Freddy seemed to be distraught.

"Your Baldness, it's worth noting that Freddy, back before the opening of the new Fazbear's Pizzeria, was only able to discern

minor details to tell child from adult, and what they wore." Blackquill added.

"Do you have proof of this, Prosecution?"

"Yes, I have the schematics of the model of Freddy Fazbear and related animatronics at the time of the murders."

Animatronic schematics added to the Court Record.

"Alright then. Witness, please tell us what you did when you caught the kidnapping," the Judge ordered.

"I gave chase, trying to protect the children."

"But when he made and turn and I followed, there was no place he could've went. It was a dead end, but he... disappeared."

"OBJECTION!"

Phoenix slammed his hands on the table.

"Mr. Fazbear, I've noticed something about your testimony."

"What is it?" Freddy asked.

"As we all know, there was a kidnapping of no less than five children by a man."

"Yes."

"And no trace of the children have been found, right?"

"Of course."

"However, there is one thing that bothered me."

"What?"

"If there was a kidnapping, and they were never found..."

Phoenix slammed his hands on the table again.

"Then where did they go?"

Freddy's top hat flew off his head as he widened his eyes in shock. Murmurs among the crowd came loudly.

The Judge banged his gavel.

"Order! Order in the court. Mr. Wright, what is the meaning of this?"

"Your honor, this document tells me that in every Fazbear restaurant, there is a safe room."

"Safe room?" Freddy asked.

"Yes, a safe room. Safe from animatronics, *LIKE YOU!* "

"WH-WHAAAAAT!"

"The room was specifically designed so that only humans could enter and exit without issues."

"What are you implying, Wright-dono?" Blackquill asked.

"I'm not implying, I'm saying that the murderer escaped into the safe room, away from the animatronics' eyes!"

"So you're saying that the murderer escaped pursuit of the animatronic by entering this safe room?"

Phoenix nodded his head. "That's correct your honor."

"OBJECTION!"

Blackquill let his hawk, Taka land on his shoulder.

"Wright-dono, if I'm not mistaken about your reasoning, the murderer escaped into the safe room, and evaded Mr. Fazbear. Tell me an answer to this question."

Blackquill slammed the table.

"How did the murderer know what the safe room was?"

Phoenix panicked. He hadn't prepared for this.

"As you stated, the safe room is safe from animatronics. But since it's property of Fazbear Entertainment, that would mean that only Fazbear employees would know of such a thing. *Just like the defendant!* "

"G-GAAAAHHH!"

Murmurs roared out.

The Judge banged his gavel.

"Order in the court! Mr. Fazbear, it seems that there is still a powerful amount of evidence against the defendant."

"Yes, Your Honor. Safe room, whoda thunk?"

"Your honor, there is still the possibility that Mr. Fazbear reported this event to the manager, or a security guard on duty," Phoenix claimed.

"That's correct!"

"Very well, Mr. Fazbear. Please tell us what you did after you lost the kidnapper and the children."

"Yes, Your Honor."

Witness Testimony

-What Happened After-

"After they had disappeared, I went off to find someone."

"It took me ten minutes to find someone, I'm ashamed to admit."

"After I informed them of the missing children, the told me to act like nothing happened and went to the phone room."

"You were...told to act like nothing happened?" the Judge asked.

"Yes, Your Honor," Freddy replied with a nod. "It was meant to make sure none of the other kids or parents were worried. Though, it failed when the police arrived."

"That must have been dreadful," the Judge shook his head.

"It was. That poor little girl..." Freddy agreed.

"...What little girl?" the Judge asked.

"Why, the birthday girl," Freddy informed him. "There was a birthday that day. But the original Day Guard quit the day before, so the Night Guard had to be put on there." He snorted, "Though, some Night Guard. He never once showed up on any night. We had to try to get this malfunctioning Animatronic out of his room every night this week, but it kept vanishing with one fully-suited."

"My, my, what a terrible night guard," the Judge scolded Jeremy, who hit his head on the table with a sigh. "Mr. Wright, you may proceed with the cross-examination."

Cross-Examination

"After they had disappeared, I went off to find someone."

"HOLD IT!"

"Who did you go off to find?" Phoenix asked.

"One of the day workers. I knew who they were because all of them always wear a hat shaped like my head," Freddy said.

"It took me ten minutes to find someone, I'm ashamed to admit."

"HOLD IT!"

"Mr. Fazbear, why did it take you so long to find someone?" Phoenix asked.

"A group of kids wanted to ask me some questions," Freddy informed.

"Fatbear's programming has it so that his top priority is children in the vicinity of his form," Blackquill informed the court. "It isn't surprising a child could distract him from his task."

"Mr. Fazbear, please continue. What happened when you found one of the workers?" the Judge asked.

"After I informed them of the missing children, they told me to act like nothing happened and went to the phone room."

"HOLD IT!"

Phoenix slammed his hands on the Defense stand. "Mr. Fazbear, please. Try to remember. Did they say something aside from acting like nothing happened?"

"Hmm...Well...Oh! I remember now. They said something about 'how'd they find a bare suit?'" Freddy remembered.

"A...bear suit?" Phoenix asked.

"Yes. A bare suit," Freddy restated, before removing his head and showing the inside. "See?"

The Judge banged his gavel. "Mr. Fazbear! Please! Alert the court *before* removing your head!"

"My apologies," Freddy apologized as he put his head back on.

"Oh, I get it now," Jeremy spoke, "Did you think he meant 'bear' like him, Mr. Wright?"

"Um...Y-Yeah," Phoenix replied before blinking, "Mr. Fazbear, what do you mean by 'bare suit?'"

"Well...It was really early on," Freddy tapped his chin, "About ten years back, back when we were just starting, there was only me and two people wearing special suits."

"Special suits?" Phoenix repeated.

"Yes," Freddy nodded, adjusting his tie. "They were Spring Freddy and Spring Bonnie. They were designed for me to wear, too. You could just wind them up and the parts in them moved apart enough for no discomfort for the wearer but also let them move about."

"Your Honor, I demand we search the extra room immediately!" Phoenix demanded, "If what Mr. Fazbear says is right, then that means our murderer wore one of these suits to perform the killings!"

"Um, Mr. Wright, I do apologize but they've been destroyed," Freddy informed.

"...C-Come again?"

"Nine years ago, the other location we had at the time had...an accident. Five people in those special suits died when the locking mechanism malfunctioned," Freddy informed sadly, "The suits at our location were then scrapped."

"Do you remember seeing them being destroyed?"

"No. I do not," Freddy replied, "But I know that the man in charge at the time was ordered to get rid of them. I remember seeing him vanish with the suits."

"Vanish?" Phoenix blinked.

"Hmph. Well, Wright-dono, what are you thinking?" Blackquill asked.

"What I think..." Phoenix smirked, "Is that we need to look back there immediately."

"?" Blackquill slightly tensed.

"Why do you ask?" the Judge asked, "What evidence do you have that we should check back there?"

"TAKE THAT!"

Phoenix presented the floorplans for the pizzeria, "As we found out in your earlier testimony, Mr. Fazbear, you couldn't see the murderer or children because they went into the room that you can't see. And just now you added that 'I remember seeing him vanish with the suits.' This means that..." He slammed his hands on the desk and pointed at him, "...THE SUITS MAY BE BACK THERE!"

"Ghhhh!" Freddy yelped, his hat shooting off his head as his bowtie spun around. Murmurs erupted in the crowd.

"Order! Order! Order in the Court!" the Judge shouted, banging his gavel, "Mr. Blackquill, send out an order to examine this hidden room immediately! In the meantime, I'd like to hear a bit more about these suits and the man who was supposed to get rid of them."

"I'll be happy to oblige, Your Honor," Freddy said, putting his hat back on and fixing his bowtie.

"Who was it who ran your restaurant back then?"

"Oh, that's easy. He works as the Phone Guy now," Freddy stated. "He gave up his position, but still wanted to work there."

"Very well. Prosecution, please get this 'Phone Guy' ready for Testifying," the Judge ordered before banging his gavel. "We will now take a twenty minute break."

"Jeremy, can I speak to you while we wait for the Phone Guy?" Phoenix asked his client.

"Sure. What's up?"

"Why weren't you working the night shift?"

"Oh, yes. Listen, it's not what you think."

'If I had a nickel for every time someone said that...'

"You see, the animatronics seem to be glitched or something. They always seem to be going after Night Guards."

"How is that possible?"

"I wish I knew." Jeremy took out a Freddy head. "I was told that if they got close to the office, I had to wear it, or else I'd be hurt by the Fazbear crew."

"A Freddy mask?"

"Yes... There's a reason I chose you as my lawyer, the multiverse's best lawyer."

"You're a Looper?"

"Anchor to the backwards expansion. There was an issue with locations for Mike Schmidt, so he couldn't Anchor my Loop. I know what they do to the night guards, Mr. Wright. It's horrible."

"Geeze, I feel sorry for you."

"Don't be. The puppet stopped killing me for some reason. I hope you know what to do."

"Trust me, I always find a way." Phoenix assured Jeremy.

Freddy Mask added to the Court Record.

The two went back to the courtroom, ready to find out the truth.

The Judge banged his gavel. "Court is back in session for the trial of Jeremy Fitzgerald."

"The Defense is ready, Your Honor," Phoenix informed.

"...And the prosecution?" the Judge asked.

"..."

"Very well, then. Now, your opening statement, if you would. I believe it's standard procedure for the prosecution to handle it."

"...Your Baldness..."

"?"

Blackquill tapped the side of his head with a dark smirk. "It's plain to see that you've always dreamed of delivering an epic opening statement."

"I have? Hmm...I don't know if I'd say that," the Judge noted.

"What's going on here?" Jeremy whispered, noticing Freddy was standing by the Judge's stand with a badge reading 'Temporary Bailiff' on it.

"As Athena would put it, he's playing Simon Says with the Judge," Phoenix deadpanned.

"Why, of course you have. I saw it in your eyes the last time you gave the opening statement," Blackquill informed the Judge. "That was the look of one who yearns deeply for the thrill of an epic opening statement."

"Playing him like a fiddle," Jeremy sweatdropped.

"For decades now, you have been watching opening statements from your bench," Blackquill said. "They were the crown jewels of the court! One thing you could not possess!"

"The crown jewels...of the court?" the Judge repeated.

"Now, at long last, they are within your grasp. How could you possibly refuse?"

"...Oh, uh, so you don't mind if I do it, then?" the Judge asked.

"I'll make a special exception, just this once," Blackquill replied.

"I'm starting to wish we had a different judge now," Jeremy admitted as the Judge banged his gavel.

"Well, in that case, I think I might go ahead and make the opening statement myself," the Judge said, before clearing his throat. "Twenty minutes ago, we learned the shocking truth that...the murderer was able to prevent Freddy from stopping him by going into a secret room that the Animatronics are programmed to not acknowledge as existing. It was further revealed that upon learning about what went on after the murderer did this, that there was five deaths already related to the Freddy Fazbear restaurant at one of their other locations, which involved a malfunctioning set of suits. These suits were checked for by the police during the twenty minute break. Prosecution, the results?"

Taka flew over to Blackquill, a sheet of paper in his beak. Blackquill read the sheet.

"The police arrived in time to stop construction workers from sealing off the backroom on orders from the current owner," Blackquill stated. "What was inside the room, already locked tightly up...were the bodies of the five children, put into costumes resembling the four Animatronics Freddy Fazbear, Bonnie Bunny, Chica Chicken, and Foxy the Pirate. A slice of cake was set before each of the bodies."

"Th...The bodies?" Jeremy gasped before Taka swooped over the Defense's bench, dropping a set of pictures. "These are..."

The first picture was that of five children, all dressed up in costumes resembling Freddy, Bonnie, Chica, Foxy, and Golden Freddy. They were all put around a small children's table, a plate with a slice of cake set before each of them and a doll of who they were dressed up as in their laps. Blood had stained the costumes around the eyes and mouths, mucus added to it. The second photo was that of two glass cases, the left case holding a gold Freddy costume while the right had a gold Bonnie costume. The final picture was that of a small room with both images in it.

Murdered Children Picture added to the Court Record

Animatronic-Human Suits added to the Court Record

Secret Room Photo added to the Court Record

"As you can see, the 'Spring Bonnie' suit has been moved, evident by the broken lock on its glass container," Blackquill said. "It was discovered that a hammer was used to break it. There are no fingerprints, though this is a moot point because all employees of both the day and night shifts are required to wear white gloves at all times."

Hammer added to the Court Record

The Judge banged his gavel. "Prosecution, your witness?"

"Um...Right here, Your Honor," a voice noted. Everyone looked at the witness stand to see a phone.

"...The witness is a phone?"

"Your Baldness, he's currently in the hospital for a broken leg and a kidney transplant," Blackquill informed the Judge. "As such, Lone Guy will have to speak to us via phone."

"Um...I-I just like to, um, be called 'Phone Guy', okay?"

"Um...Witness, your real name and occupation, please," the Judge ordered.

"Um, o-okay...Philious Han Gui. Th-Though, uh...I just, um, yeah I like to be called Phone Guy. I'm in charge of the phones in Freddy FazBear's Pizzeria and used to be the manager until I stepped down. Too...too tough, especially with, uh, with what happened," Phone Guy informed.

"His...His name's Philious Han Gui?" Jeremy gawked.

"It could just be the name he has for this Loop," Phoenix replied.

"Ah yes, the suits," the Judge nodded before banging his gavel. "Witness, you will tell us why, despite the fact you had been ordered to destroy the costumes, you kept them hidden in the secret room."

'Okay. Here it comes...' Phoenix readied himself.

Witness Testimony

-The Suits of Old -

"Okay, so... I was told to destroy the suits after we had an... incident with them."

"So I took them to the back room to disassemble them."

"Before I could that, one of my workers came to me, panicking."

"A kid was murdered in front of the restaurant!"

"So I dropped everything and went to the scene."

"I was so worried, that I just... forgot about the suits."

The courtroom was silent. Soon, the Judge broke the silence.

"Another child... MURDERED!?"

"Yes, this was before Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria was a thing. Some guy stabbed the kid in the heart. Poor guy bled out before the paramedics came."

"Is this child's murder related to the case at hand?" Blackquill asked.

"I hope not."

"Well, Phone Guy, it seems that you had a reasonable claim to breaking orders here," the Judge said.

'Hmm, there's something about what he said that makes me suspicious. Could it be possible that he's the murderer?'

"Mr. Wright, would you proceed to cross-examine the witness?"

"Yes, your honor."

Cross-Examination

"Okay, so... I was told to destroy the suits after we had an... incident with them."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Incident?"

"Yes, well, the hybrid animatronic suits were... defective."

"Defective?" Blackquill asked.

"Uh, yes. The springs that hold the suit open... it could suddenly fail, and anyone in the suit would've been crushed and cut up simultaneously. Any poor sap in the suit would be instantly dead."

'Ugh, sorry I asked.' Phoenix looked green.

"Witness, this is an important piece of information. Please amend your testimony to include this information about the suits."

"Sure thing."

"The springs in the suit would fail, and anyone inside would be killed."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"And how do you know that?"

"Ehhh... it was before hours, and someone... Well, you know. It's why we now have waivers."

'Why do I keep asking?'

"Witness, are you saying..."

"Trust me, we gave the family of the man some wonderful compensation out of court. "

"Err... right. So what did you do about the suits again?" Phoenix said, hoping to deflect the topic.

"Right..."

"So I took them to the back room to disassemble them."

"Before I could that, one of my workers came to me, panicking."

"A kid was murdered in front of the restaurant!"

" **HOLD IT!"**

"There was a child murdered?"

"This was a bad... no no... horrible thing. We never caught the murderer. It's still unsolved today."

"Whoever kills a child is a lowlife. I hope that person knows that," Blackquill remarked.

"Agreed. So where was I? Oh yeah!"

"So I dropped everything and went to the scene."

"I was so worried, that I just... forgot about the suits."

"OBJECTION!"

"Phone Guy, there's a huge contradiction in your testimony!"

"What's that?"

"So you say that you just up and forgot about the suits after a child was murdered in the front of the restaurant."

"Yes."

"Phone Guy, while you may not be able to see this photo, it is clear to me that the suits were not forgotten about, considering that *they were in glass cases!* "

The phone rang loudly suddenly.

Murmurs cried out in the courtroom.

"Order!" The Judge yelled out, banging his gavel. "Mr. Phone Guy, how have you not told us that you put these suits in glass cases?"

"What glass cases? This is the first I've heard of them!"

"Wait, so you didn't know that the golden suits were in glass cases?"

"Yeah, I didn't. When I was disassembling them though, they were purple."

"Uh, what?" Phoenix was hoping that this was a joke.

"Yeah, they must have molded over, it was really humid back in the day."

'And like that, I've lost my appetite.'

"Oh, gross!" Jeremy groaned out.

"I agree with the defendant. Suddenly, I don't feel like having lunch anymore," the Judge moaned out.

"Wait, so with the fact that you've never seen these glass cases, and the fact that they're not what they used to look like..."

"What are you talking about, Wright-dono?" Blackquill questioned.

"What I'm saying is, someone must have preserved the suits, and they did so right under the higher ups' noses. Your Honor, we need to find whoever worked at Fredbear's Diner during the time of that murder!"

"Are you sure, Mr. Wright?"

Phoenix nodded. "I'm positive! Whoever worked at that diner, must have been the murderer of the five children."

"Very well. We'll have another twenty minute recess while we find someone who fits the description," the Judge said.

"I never even knew they were purple," Jeremy noted as he and Phoenix waited in the defense lobby. "Always thought they were, well, gold."

"I see..." Phoenix nodded, "So...who did you think was the murderer?"

"Well, I...kinda followed the theory Matpat in the Hub Loops had, that Phone Guy was the murderer," Jeremy admitted. "But I'm starting to think otherwise."

"Defense, court is resuming!" the Bailiff informed.

"Okay, here goes," Phoenix informed.

"Court will now resume. Prosecution, were you able to find anyone that worked at Fredbear's Family Diner around the time of the first murder?" the Judge asked.

"..." Blackquill whistled.

"You called?" Fulbright asked, dashing in immediately.

"Foolbright, bring them in," Blackquill ordered.

"Yes sir! In Justice we trust!" Fulbright declared before dashing out and came back in, dragging in a toy-box with a music box on the top with a few grunts of effort. "The other...Witness...is in the lobby...right now...!"

"A toy box?" the Judge pondered.

"Hmph. It is not the scabbard you should focus on, but rather the blade within," Blackquill stated. Fulbright put the box at the Witness Stand just as the last few notes played on the music box.

The box opened and the Puppet emerged from Puppet gently took out a set of four dolls and put them before him, as if they were prizes to be given. Phoenix shuddered as he looked at the figure.

"Witness, your name and occupation," the Judge ordered.

"...I am...known as the Marionette...and the Puppet...I am good with either name," the Puppet said. *"Giving gifts...to the children...is what I do."*

'How anyone can be excited that something like you is giving them gifts, I'll never figure out,' Phoenix shuddered.

"Did you use to work at Fredbear's Family Diner?"

"I did...it was...happier times...Freddy and myself...and the two suit actors..." the Puppet reminisced. *"Though...the Night Guard...was never there..."*

"The...Night Guard was never there?" Phoenix asked in disbelief.

"Was always...naked Animatronic...breaking rules...the music...forced me to sleep..." the Marionette said.

The Judge nodded, "Witness, please tell us about the day of the child's murder at Fredbear's Family Diner."

Witness Testimony

-The First Murder-

"I... stayed in my... box."

"I... came out of my... box."

"People... were panicking."

"A child... was dead."

"A man... told me what happened."

"Erm... could you be clearer, witness? I barely understood that," the Judge asked.

"Marion here told us what he needed to tell us," Blackquill retorted. "Nothing more, nothing less."

"Yes... I suppose... even if it was... cryptic."

"Cryptic or not, I still have to look at this witness's testimony," Phoenix declared.

"Very well, Mr. Wright. Please begin your cross-examination."

'I have to bring more details out of this... thing. I'll have to press every issue I can.'

Cross-Examination

"I... stayed in my... box."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"You mean the box you're in now?"

"Yes."

"Alright... please continue."

"I... came out my... box."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"How do you do that?"

"I... wait."

"Wait?"

"My box... think it as a jack... in a... box."

"Oh, those things always get me," the Judge remarked.

'And yet you deal with spirits and parrots on the witness stand, your honor.'

"Hey, Mr. Wright... I've noticed that The Puppet only told us the bare minimum," Jeremy noted.

"I know. I'm trying to squeeze whatever extra testimony I can from this thing," Phoenix explained.

"Well, if you find a connection between this puppet and the murder we're supposed to be dealing with, maybe we can catch the real murderer."

"I guess."

"People... were panicking."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Were there any noteworthy people?"

"Workers... children... paramedics... police."

'This thing's always answering in a technically right way, even if it's useless.'

"Mr. Wright, I'm not sure what you are up to, but you are not exactly proving anything here," the Judge warned him.

"I know, Your Honor."

"A child... was dead."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Do you recall any details?"

"He... liked me... he was... my friend."

"Oh. Sorry for your loss," Phoenix offered his condolences.

"I moved on. Do not worry."

'!'

"Mr. Wright? Did he just-?" Jeremy realized.

"He did. Maybe now I can poke around his earlier testimony."

"A coworker told me what happened."

"HOLD IT!"

"I thought you said it was a man?"

"He was."

"Now you say he was a coworker?"

"Vincent was his name."

"Vincent?" the Judge asked.

"Oh yes, that's the name of the witness in the lobby!" Fulbright affirmed.

"Oh... that's interesting."

'I think I found our murderer... I just need to press on!'

"I stayed in my box."

"I came out of my box."

"People were panicking."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Are you completely sure?"

"Vincent was... always calm... always unafraid."

"Witness, this is an important piece of testimony. Please amend your testimony to reflect this," the Judge ordered.

"Yes."

"Vincent... was the one... who stayed calm."

"HOLD IT!"

"How calm?"

"SILENCE!"

The courtroom went completely silent. Blackquill spat out the feather in his mouth.

"Wright-dono... this hoop jumping is utterly ridiculous. And I intend to make sure that this drivel ends," Blackquill then shattered his bonds.

'Oh... this isn't good."

"Mr. Wright, he broke his chains. Is that a bad thing?"

"Yes, Jeremy. Very bad."

'Because as much as Simon is a good person, when it comes to his performance in court, he is really *scary. I guess that's his psychology*

training for you...'

Blackquill tossed something, which cut the feather in half, right in front of Phoenix.

"AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

"Bailiff! Please restrain the prosecutor before he *murders* someone!"

Murmurs cried out in the crowd.

"Hmph, please. I wouldn't kill unarmed whelps like you. I'm more interested in making sure you fail this ridiculous quest of your, Wright-dono."

"...Try me then."

"Witness, it seems like you've haven't been of any use thus far. We may need to let you go," the Judge said.

"Of course... your honor. I remember... the yellow suits."

Phoenix perked up.

'That's it!'

"OBJECTION!"

The courtroom suddenly became silent.

"Your Honor, I think I can connect this witness to the crime we've been investigating now!"

Murmurs came out of the crowd.

The Judge banged his gavel.

"Order in the court! Mr. Wright, what proof do you have to support this claim?"

"Well your honor, the evidence to prove that is..."

"TAKE THAT!"

"Your Honor, these glass cases contain the suits, and as the Phone Guy claimed, he was suppose to disassemble them, and they've gone yellow from years of neglect. And yet someone found it reasonable to case these suits up."

"What are you saying, Wright-dono?"

Phoenix slammed the table with his hands.

"What I'm saying is... *The witness put these suits in the cases in the first place!* "

The Marionette just stared.

'Wow, the fact that instead of panicking, it stares just makes it... creepier.'

"What! Witness, is this true?"

"SILENCE!"

"Wright-dono, Marion could not have entered the safe room, animatronics couldn't enter there!"

"HOLD...IT!"

The courtroom went silent.

"I... could."

Phoenix smugly smiled.

Blackquill grasped his chest.

The Judge widened his eyes.

"You... you could do that, witness?"

"Yes."

"Your Honor, I think that he might have been involved in the murders of the five children back in the safe room!" Phoenix exclaimed, pushing his advantage.

"Yes... but... I didn't do it."

"What?" the Judge asked.

"Let me... explain."

Witness Testimony

-The Safe Room-

"That room...was special..."

"Spring Bonnie...would bring special children..."

"I...give gifts...and they would give life."

"That day...I was meant...to do so again after...so long had passed."

"Five...children...were in there...asleep."

"I...gave them gifts...but...there was no life. I...didn't understand..."

"You...You were made to go with that room?" the Judge asked.

"Yes..." the Marionette nodded.

"First time I ever heard it," Jeremy noted.

"Your Honor, I would like to begin cross-examination," Phoenix stated.

"You may," the Judge nodded.

Cross-Examination

"That room...was special..."

"Spring Bonnie...would bring special children..."

"HOLD IT!"

"What kind of special children do you mean?" Phoenix asked.

"...A celebration...that only happens once a year...but never happens again once... they are no longer...remembered," the Puppet informed.

"It...That room was meant for birthday children?" Jeremy pondered.

"I...give gifts...and they would give life."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Give life?" Phoenix repeated.

"Yes. Giving...gifts would...give life," the Puppet informed, *"It...is called..the Joy of Creation."*

"You mean...that when you would give children gifts...gifts on their birthday...you were giving them the gift of life as a year older?" Phoenix rubbed his chin in thought.

"Yes...You understand like...Vincent."

"It's quite interesting to hear," the Judge noted, "But tell me, what went on the day of the murders with this room?"

"That day...I was meant...to do so again after...so long had passed."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"You... stopped doing it?"

"The...new management...got rid of...that. But...I put them...in there to...remember that time..." the Puppet informed the court.

"The two suits," Blackquill noted.

"Yes. But...it was strange that day..." the Marionette noted.

"Five...children...were in there...asleep."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"You mean..." Phoenix showed the picture of the children, "... *these* five?"

"Yes. ...They were...sleeping. So..." the Marionette informed.

"I...gave them gifts...but...there was no life. I...didn't understand..."

"OBJECTION!"

"Marionette...You *did* understand, but refused to acknowledge what you saw. What you saw..." Phoenix said, showing the full picture of the room, "...was that the children were all dead!"

"..." the Marionette remained still as the crowd gasped in shock.

'Again?' Phoenix thought.

"Order! Order in the Court!" the Judge ordered, banging his gavel, "Is this true? Did you...move the children?"

"...I did," the Puppet informed, *"I...thought that...if I gave them...gifts, they would...wake up. That I would...give life."*

"As much as I would love the world to work that way, I'm sorry but that wouldn't work," Phoenix shook his head. "You can't bring back the dead...just give them a chance to be at peace by finding the truth."

"...The truth?"

"Yes. Marionette, please tell me, where were the bodies?" Phoenix asked.

"..." The Puppet looked over at the chart of the secret room. *"...There...behind the cases."*

"The...The cases?"

"I...thought it was...spilled drink, so I...cleaned there," the Puppet said sadly. *"When the police...came, I...went to my box...Did not...want to remember...the last time the sirens...were heard..."*

"You mean...when the child was murdered at Fredbear's," Phoenix noted.

"Yes. I...hate sirens..." the Puppet said, gently picking up the Bonnie Doll, *"Only...sadness...comes with them."*

"...Your blade was put into reverse that day," Blackquill quietly said. "You've altered a crime scene. Were you human, that would be a grievous offense to the law."

' *And you'd know, Simon…'*

"I...am sorry..."

"Did...Did you clean anything else up in there?" Phoenix asked.

"No..." the Puppet said, before going into his box and pulling out a bloody knife. *"I...was going to...return this to the chefs...today."*

"That's-!" Blackquill's eyes widened.

"The missing murder weapon!" the Judge realized, causing the crowd to go into an uproar, "Order! Order in the Court! Mr. Puppet, why did you not bring this to someone earlier?"

"...Afraid..."

"When you heard the sirens...and found that knife while you were cleaning, you thought you'd be blamed, didn't you?" Phoenix asked.

"...Yes...If...I was found...with this...No more gifts...no more...life," the Puppet admitted.

"Mr. Puppet, please submit that as evidence at once!" the Judge ordered, "Bailiff, check for fingerprints immediately!"

Taka landed before Blackquill, a paper in his beak. Blackquill looked at it.

"...There are two sets of different fingerprints on this knife...one set belonging to...the Defendant, Pitsgerbil..."

"Oh, he did not just mock my last name," Jeremy growled.

"And the other...the other Witness's."

"Wh-WHAAAAAT?!" Phoenix exclaimed in shock, the crowd going into an uproar.

"Order! Order in the Court!" The Judge banged his gavel. "Mr. Puppet, what you just gave us...may be the key factor into telling if the Defendant is really a murderer!"

"I...am sorry...for not giving this...sooner."

"It's okay," the Judge nodded, "You were afraid. Even humans make irrational actions when they're frightened. Though you may not be human, you acted just like one in that moment. Thank you for testifying today. It was quite brave."

The Puppet nodded, *"...Thank...you. I...feel...braver than the night Guards who...never showed up...and the naked...purple Animatronic..."*

'Except they always did show up...but you all thought they were naked Animatronics,' Phoenix thought.

Blackquill whistled.

"In Justice we trust! You called?" Fullbright asked, showing his badge.

"Next witness," Blackquill ordered.

"At once!" Fullbright laughed before zipping out.

"...Defense, remove the box from the witness stand," the Judge ordered.

'Why me?' Phoenix sighed mentally as he and Jeremy worked together to move the Marionette's box off the stand.

The man on the witness stand wore a purple jacket and was in his mid-thirties. In his left hand was a cellphone.

"Witness, your name and occupation," the Judge ordered.

"Vincent Purr-prell Mann, former day guard of Fredbear's Family Diner, former Night Guard of Freddy's Family Pizzeria, and former Day Guard of the same place."

'This...This guy must *be the killer,'* Jeremy thought.

"SILENCE!"

Everyone looked towards Blackquill, "...Enough jabbering. Swords have been drawn. The time for talk is past."

"Swords? What swords?" Jeremy asked.

'Please tell me that he doesn't have an actual sword this Loop...' Phoenix sweated heavily.

"This is a duel to the death. The fate of the accused rests in our hands. Ne gone, ye of cowardly heart! The battlefield hath no place for ye!" Blackquill declared, making a slashing motion at Phoenix, causing a bit of his hair to be cut off.

"Ghhh!" Phoenix freaked.

"Talk about close shaves," Jeremy gulped, seeing the few bits of hair of Phoenix's that had been cut fall onto the table.

"Spare me, pleaaaaaase!" the Judge begged, hiding under his desk.

"How is he doing that?" Jeremy asked.

"No idea," Phoenix replied as the Judge got out from hiding.

"Mr. Mann, your fingerprints were discovered along with the accused's on this knife," the Judge informed the witness. "Test results have shown that the dried blood on here does indeed match that of the five killed children. Please tell the court why this is so."

Vincent proceeded to give the biggest, toothiest smile he could give.

"Sure thing, Your Honor."

'There's something about that smile that... just scares me.'

Witness Testimony

-From Another Perspective -

"I was in my office, watching the security cameras."

"I had found the defendant grabbing the knife from the kitchen."

"Switching the cameras, I found out about the secret room."

"When I found the children, I had found the kids stuffed into the suits, where there was a Spring Bonnie suit walking."

"I grabbed the knife he was holding, so that explains the prints.

"He then proceeded to knock me out with a hammer he had."

"So, you tried to grab the knife out of the murderer's hands?"

"Yes," Vincent's phone rang. "Hello?" he answered. "Ah, yes... I'm in court now. Give me a few minutes. Can we make this quick, please? I have an important client coming in soon."

"Client?" the Judge asked.

"Yes... for I am the owner of the district's GRRRRREATEST tailoring store, The Velvet Rose!"

"OH! You own that place? My cousin loves that store!"

"Playing the judge like a fiddle," Jeremy deadpanned.

"Yeah, he's easily the easiest one to do that to."

"...Witness, Your Baldness... Stop stalling." Blackquill bluntly said.

"Oh, erm, right. Mr. Wright, your cross-examination."

'I may need to squeeze as much testimony from his as possible. It may be the only way to convict him!'

Cross Examination

"I was in my office, watching the security cameras."

"HOLD IT!"

"Cameras?"

"What? Did you honestly expect me to walk around by myself, armed with only a flashlight? No, we have cameras so that if something goes wrong, we can have a fast response time to do so."

"That seems perfectly reasonable."

"Yeah, so as I was saying..."

"I had found the defendant grabbing the knife from the kitchen."

"HOLD IT!"

"You mean this knife?" Phoenix said, holding up said knife.

"Yeah, that's the one."

"This knife is meant for cutting meat... and a child's flesh if need be for this disgusting man," Blackquill commented.

"Yes, of course. Mr. Mann, tell us what you did next," the Judge ordered.

"Of course!"

"Switching the cameras, I found out about the secret room."

"HOLD IT!"

"You mean the safe room?" Phoenix asked for clarification.

"The animatronics avoided that room like the plague, last I remembered."

"Well, it is against their programming," Phoenix shrugged.

"And what did you do next?" the Judge wondered.

"Ah, well..."

"When I found the children, I had found the kids stuffed into the suits, where there was a Spring Bonnie suit walking."

"I grabbed the knife he was holding, so that explains the prints.

" **HOLD IT!"**

"And that's how your prints got on the knife?"

"Yes."

"..." Blackquill remained silent.

"As I was saying..."

"He then proceeded to knock me out with a hammer he had."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"A hammer?"

"Well, yes. I didn't get an concussion, or anything. But I did get a nasty headache when I woke up."

"..." Blackquill was still silent.

"Okay... where was I?"

"I was in my office, watching the security cameras."

"I had found the defendant grabbing the knife from the kitchen."

"Switching the cameras, I found out about the secret room."

"When I found the children, I had found the kids stuffed into the suits, where there was a Spring Bonnie suit walking."

"OBJECTION!"

"Mr. Mann, there's a huge contradiction in your testimony!" Phoenix declared.

"What are you talking about, Wright-dono?" Blackquill questioned.

"Let's remember the previous witness' testimony."

"...There...behind the cases."

"The...The cases?"

"I...thought it was...spilled drink, so I...cleaned there..."

"I don't know about you, but I have to ask this. If the Marionette said that the bodies were behind the cases for the suits..."

Phoenix slammed his hands on the table.

"Then how did the children's corpses end up in the costumes?"

Vincent's smile faltered as sweat dripped down on his face.

The courthouse began to roar out.

"Order! Order! Order in the court!" The Judge banged on his gavel. "Mr. Wright, are you saying that the witness lied?"

"Yes, Your Honor. I may believe that the hammer was used to break open the locks on the case to retrieve the Spring Bonnie suit, and then used to knock out the witness, *but I refuse to believe that my client, a scrawny man could stuff five children into suits with a bunch of crossbeams inside!* "

"Hmph, the animatronics did it!"

"Say what?"

Freddy glared at Vincent.

"Ah, I remember my first night on the night shift at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. The animatronics... they seemed to have an issue. They were always trying to remove me from my office. I actually sent a request for a leave of absence so I could work out more to put me on even playing field on those machines."

"Wait, so the animatronics were hostile to the night guards?" Phoenix asked.

"Yes, they were."

"Well then, Mr. Fitzgerald. I'm sorry for questioning your work ethic earlier if this was indeed a serious occupational hazard," the Judge awkwardly apologized.

"Thank you, Your Honor," Jeremy said uncomfortably.

"Witness, explain how you know those animatronics were defective," the Judge ordered.

"If you say so."

Witness Testimony

-Faulty Machines -

"On my first shift, the Phone Guy told me all about what the animatronics were doing at night."

"When Bonnie came to my office, I had to hide under my desk."

"Bonnie... wasn't fooled."

"I was calm though, and I escaped through the vents."

"When 6AM came, the animatronics went back to normal."

"I honestly believe there's no way you could hide from any of them at all!"

"Hmm... this is an interesting development," the Judge mused.

"The animatronics were designed to be protective of children, so logically, they should be able to restrain a full grown man," Blackquill pointed out.

"And so your... bulking up was meant to protect you?" Phoenix asked.

"Yes. After I quit to follow my dream, I kept in shape. It was a good look on me."

"SILENCE!"

"Stop stalling, Purple Man. What you're saying is irrelevant," Blackquill said impatiently.

"Yes, indeed. You can exchange fitness tips after court is adjourned," the Judge affirmed.

"Sorry, Your Honor. Mr. Wright, continue on."

"As you wish, Mr. Mann."

Cross-Examination

"On my first shift, the phone guy told me all about what the animatronics were doing at night."

" **HOLD IT!"**

"Wait, he knew about the animatronic issues?"

"He knows that they tend to move about at night. He doesn't know that they're hostile to night guards."

"So the Phone Guy is genuinely clueless about this issue?" the Judge asked.

"Yes. It's a shame, what with all the first night quitters that came before and after me."

'I wonder if I can make him slip up some important details here?'

"When Bonnie came to my office, I had to hide under my desk."

"HOLD IT!"

"You hid under the desk?"

"Freddy is right over there, Mr. Wright. Are you blind?"

'Geeze, he has a point, but does he really need to be a jerk about it?'

"The Purple Man has a point. Unarmed against his foe, unable to draw a sword to protect himself, he resorts to fleeing to fight another day," Blackquill stated.

"Well, not fighting, but you know the basic concept." Vincent shrugged.

'I remember my first night at Freddy's, and I did flee at the first sight of Bonnie.'

"Bonnie... wasn't fooled."

"HOLD IT!"

"Are you saying that the animatronics are intelligent?"

"Well, more clever than not. Bonnie is stubborn enough to at least look for me, at the very least."

"Witness, we've has no less than two animatronics speak on the stand before you," the Judge pointed out.

"I have noticed," Vincent deadpanned.

"Very well, tell us how you escaped that encounter."

"I was calm though, and I escaped through the vents."

"HOLD IT!"

"Vents?"

"The management decided to make the vents big enough for the animatronics to move through... and they decided to cut costs by making it so for every vent, including the ones going to my office."

"Isn't that a serious hazard to anyone, not just children?" the Judge asked.

"The only good manager I had was Phone Guy. The rest weren't... as forward thinking."

"It's a wonder why you stayed as long as you did."

"Same here."

'I wonder how this trial would've gone if Apollo were here. Maybe he'd catch onto his lies easier... or get a hawk to the face, like everyone else.'

"When 6AM came, the animatronics went back to normal."

"HOLD IT!"

"Normal?"

"They went back to their positions: Freddy and the crew went to the stage, Foxy went to the cove... etcetera, etcetera."

"Wait, so you're saying that the animatronics stop attacking on 6 AM, sharp?"

"Exactly!"

"Your Honor, this is an important piece of testimony!"

"I agree, Mr. Wright. Witness, please add this information to your testimony."

"As you wish."

"From Midnight to 6AM, the animatronics became hostile."

"HOLD IT!"

"So for 6 hours, the machines attack you?"

"Incidentally, it's also the time of the night shift."

"Thank you, Mr. Mann. Continue."

'I've got you now.'

"I honestly believe there's no way you could hide from any of them at all!"

"OBJECTION!"

"Mr. Mann, I believe you when you say you have no way to stop the animatronics from attacking... but there is one way."

"Wh-what?" Vincent said, sweating.

"I have a mask right here."

"A Freddy mask?"

"...What is this ridiculousness?" Blackquill asked.

"Mr. Fazbear, take a close look at me."

"Umm, okay."

Phoenix put on the mask.

"Woah, where'd you go, Mr. Wright, all I see now is a clothed endo-skeleton!"

Blackquill grasped his chest.

Murmurs broke out of the court.

"ORDER! Mr. Wright, what is the meaning of this?"

"Your honor..." Phoenix removed the mask he had on. "This mask tricks the animatronics into thinking that the night guards are animatronics. With that in mind..." Phoenix slammed the desk. "I believe there's proof that the animatronics were attacking innocent night guards without knowing better."

"And what makes you say that?"

"Well your honor..."

"TAKE THAT!"

"Earlier testimony shall explain it to us."

"Though, some Night Guard. He never once showed up on any night. We had to try to get this malfunctioning Animatronic out of this room every night this week, but it kept vanishing with one fully-suited."

"Was always...naked Animatronic...breaking rules...the music...forced me to sleep..."

"You see... *The animatronics thought that the night guards were un-constumed animatronics."*

Vincent smile faltered again.

The crowd began to converse about this predicament.

"HOLD IT!"

The court went silent.

"..." Blackquill was facing away.

Phoenix was staring.

And the Judge was confused.

"Mr. Fazbear, what is the matter?"

"You mean to tell me, that... those endoskeletons weren't... endoskeletons?" Freddy shook.

"Mr. Fazbear, are you alright?" Phoenix asked.

Freddy flashed back to everything he did from his creation to this moment. All the screams that came from those endoskeletons...

"SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

Freddy costume fell apart, revealing his endoskeleton.

His head came back on, and Freddy touched it.

HONK

Freddy then fell backwards.

"..."

"Well, Mr. Wright. I don't know whether to thank you sincerely or sarcastically," Jeremy remarked.

'I really screwed the pooch with this one, didn't I?'

Vincent glared at Phoenix.

"So, you found out our dark secret, am I right, Mr. Wrong?"

'Ah, he's losing it. But seriously, why is it always Mr. Wrong?'

"Let me tell you something... You've only proved that Fazbear Entertainment let this hostility slide."

Vincent took off his jacket, revealing a nice three piece purple suit. He then tore off his sleeves, revealing well developed muscles underneath.

"But you didn't prove that Jeremy didn't do the deed," Vincent said as he posed.

"GAH-GAAAAH!"

'You know what, I'd rather have the rapping pirate too.'

"So tell me, how are you going to prove that he didn't do it?"

Phoenix slammed the desk.

"By proving that *you* did it!"

Vincent chuckled. "Prove it then. Let me have one last testimony. If you can prove me the murderer then... then you win."

"Umm, Witness, are you completely sure?"

"SILENCE!"

"I see no problem with this. He has decided to face his opponent in this life or death battle. The blades of justice clash and in the end, only one will be left standing." Blackquill threw something, which cut off some more of Phoenix's hair.

"AHHH!"

"Well, at least it's even now?" Jeremy nervously remarked from under the desk.

"The witness shall speak one last time." Blackquill proclaimed.

"Thank you, Mr. Blackquill."

"Very well, witness. Tell us what testimony you have left about the incident."

"Thank you." Vincent smiled a toothy smile.

'Now or never!'

Witness Testimony

-The Last Laugh -

"I knew that the killer would not do this crime alone, so he forced one of the animatronics to do it!"

"So he tricked the Marionette to do so."

"The killer also used the Spring Bonnie suit, seeing that the photo here proves that happened, as a disguise."

"And stabbing the children through the heart, he killed them!"

"Wow, that's pretty well detailed." The Judge remarked.

"Yes, it is." Phoenix said.

"So, cross-examine me already, and get this over with." Vincent said.

'This is actually too easy. I don't even need evidence this time.'

Cross-Examination

"I knew that the killer would not do this crime alone, so he forced one of the animatronics to do it!"

"So he tricked the Marionette to do so."

"The killer also used the Spring Bonnie suit, seeing that the photo here proves that happened, as a disguise."

"And stabbing the children through the heart, he killed them!"

"HOLD IT!"

"Mr. Mann, about that last remark..."

"SILENCE!"

"Wright-dono, what is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning... is that the witness just sealed his fate!"

"Huh?" Vincent looked on in confusion.

"We never even got an autopsy report for those children..." Phoenix slammed the table. " *Because they were just found today, in the secret room!* "

"What!"

"So tell me, Mr. Mann... *How'd you know how the children were killed?* "

"Erm..."

"I'll tell you how! It's because ***YOU ARE THE ONE WHO KILLED THOSE CHILDREN!*** "

"AGH!"

"And you lied to everyone to save your own skin. So then... tell all of us..." Phoenix slammed the table. "Why?"

Vincent slammed his head on the stand, and then laughed.

He then looked up and smiled.

"I don't regret it."

"What?" The Judge asked.

"I'm telling you right now that I don't regret it."

"He'll be haunted for the rest of his life. How could he have possibly taken the lives of those poor innocent little kids. Every time he goes to sleep he's going to remember them, and the memories are going to haunt him till the day he dies."

"That's what they're going to say, right? Well, I'm telling you now that they're lying, or mistaken, because I don't feel any regret."

"If I were to regret anything, *ANYTHING* at all, it would be that I didn't take even longer. Imagine if I had taken just five more minutes! Imagine if they had caught me in the act of stuffing the last kid into the suit, while she was crying! She couldn't move and tears were falling from her eyes like some broken faucet..."

"Speaking of crying, I can't wait until the funerals. You can't have a funeral without the fun in it! HAHAHAHA!"

"Oh hey, another thing I'm excited about. I can't wait until you all go home, because, and don't take this like I want you to; it's inevitable anyways... *You're going to remember me.* You're going to walk by every mirror and see yourself, and you're going to see them there too. You're going to see them every time you close your eyes."

"And when you see them, you're going to see me! You're going to think of them, and you can do that without thinking of **me!** You're going to see the man who killed your kids without any remorse or regret. You're going to see my eyes, my smile and me."

"And when you go to sleep, you're going to see the ways it happened. Each time worse than the one before!"

"You're going to see me smiling away while it all played out. And you better believe it... I *fucking* enjoyed it! Watching their faces contort in pain while they were being sliced to bits? Their desperate gasps and screams of 'Mommy!' and 'Daddy!'? The horrified realization in their eyes when they came to terms with the fact that they were going to die?"

"Comedy gold."

"I bet I'm going to die for this, that I'm going to Hell too. You'll enjoy my death, and all that rage you'll feel is okay because I'll be dead then. That's fine. I am a murderer after all."

"I'll bet you'll be there when I die, feeling the smallest amount of satisfaction when they kill me. But if you'll be there when I die, why weren't they there then...?"

"Where were they when all of this was happening anyways?

"Were they at home, watching TV and not caring where their kids were?"

"Were they frantically searching the area around the pizzeria looking for them?"

"I guess it doesn't matter anyways, because they're dead now, and their final moments were thinking about how the people they trusted and looked up to the most were gone, and that they weren't coming to save them. I hope their last exchange of words were okay."

"Imagine the last time you saw your kids, you yelled at them. Maybe their last moments was them remember that and thinking 'Maybe they don't care. Maybe they know what's going on, but they just don't care enough to save me.' Maybe they thought that they deserved it."

"I guess what I'm trying to say is that this isn't some big 'Fuck You' to society, or a big part of some bullshit social justice movement. I guess it was just for shits and giggles."

"After all, I'm just the man that had a job at a pizza place. I'm just the man those kids laughed and played games with at the pizzeria. I'm just the man that smiled the whole time those kids begged me to stop and they weren't there."

"And if I'm going to be haunted until the day I die, then I can't to see how your lives play out when they haunt you!"

The lights began to flicker.

"And if you feel something else there- if you feel something other than guilt, if you feel some sort of evil there too, I want you to know something..."

The lights went out. When they came back on...

"IT'S ME!"

"AAAAAAAAHHHHHH!"

"YEAAAAAAAAAH!"

"OH DEEEEEEEAR!"

"..."

Vincent began to laugh and laugh, wearing the Golden Bonnie suit.

"Mr. Mann, get out of that suit, now!" Blackquill demanded.

"Who is Mann? I'm not Mann, I'm just a murderer!"

"I'm serious, if you don't get out of that suit, you'll die!"

'Simon is panicking for the wrong reasons!'

"Screw you, I'll kill you if I have to!"

The lights went out.

"And I'll be su-"

Some crunching noises came about, followed by some coughing.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHH! SOMEONE, ANYBODY... HELP ME!"

"Someone call an ambulance, right now!"

Vincent screamed until a lone light came on on the witness stand. Vincent, tried to climb onto the stand and reached for help when one final crunch and a spurt of blood came from the mouth of the beast. Vincent then slumped over.

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

The judge banged his gavel, a somber tone to the air of the courtroom, "Prosecution, what is the status of...the witness?"

"Paramedics were unable to remove the suit but were able to figure out his heart and brain had been pierced in multiple areas,"

Blackquill stated. "An ironic end to his tale. The very suit he used to kill innocent children was the very murder weapon to his own death."

The Judge shook his head somberly, "A death in a courthouse...What dark times we live in during this Dark Age of The Law."

"Dark Age of The Law?" Jeremy repeated.

"It's because of so many prosecutors and defense attorneys falsifying evidence to win court cases," Phoenix informed.

"And the...other witnesses?" the Judge asked.

"Fazbear-dono has willingly agreed to a complete data analysis and will be given new programming in hopes of this not happening again. If it is proven successful, the other Animatronics will be given this new programming as well. Until then, the pizzeria for Fazbear-dono will no longer be opened to the public," Blackquill informed, "As for the Marionette...he has...vanished."

"...Excuse me?" the Judge blinked.

"We discovered the body of the witness in his toy box, but...there was no endoskeleton within," Blackquill informed, "Furthermore, there were no signs of removal of the animatronic interior or any hint of it ever having an endoskeleton within, but there were spots on the body that correlate with old marionette strings and the purple lines on his face had vanished."

'You...You gotta be kidding me...' Phoenix and Jeremy thought in disbelief.

"This...I think I need a drink after this Loop ends," Jeremy admitted.

"I'm...I'm actually used to this," Phoenix admitted, sweating a bit in surprise.

"...Fair enough," the Judge nodded.

"...Is this guy serious? In this Loop, a guy we thought was an animatronic was just a puppet possessed by a spirit thinking he was an animatronic and he just says 'fair enough?'" Jeremy gawked.

"Yep. If this had happened when my friends Maya or Pearl Fey were around, you may have gotten to see them get possessed by one of the children," Phoenix noted before the Judge banged his gavel.

"I will now declare the verdict. This Court finds the Defendant, Jeremy Fitzgerald..." the Judge informed.

NOT GUILTY

Jeremy blinked in confusion as cheers, whistles, and confetti went about the court. He wasn't sure how he should feel right now, so he settled for hitting his head on the Defense's bench. This Fused Loop's court system was just weird to him. Fast, shockingly amazing, but incredibly weird all the same.

"Well, Mr. Wright, we did it," Jeremy stated as they walked out into the Defendant Lobby.

"Yes, Jeremy. We did. So, what are you going to do now?" Phoenix asked.

"I'm planning on finding a new job, considering that I'm practically unemployed with that stunt you pulled, proving that the animatronics were attacking night guards."

"At least I didn't prove anything much worse, like what they do to the guards."

"...Touche, Phoenix."

"Mr. Wright, that was amazing!" Apollo said as he and Athena walked over.

"Yeah. You managed to catch the real criminal," Athena added.

"Until he... you know," Jeremy sweated a little.

"I'm not gonna be sleeping well for a few months," Apollo deadpanned.

"Yeah, me neither," Athena affirmed.

'I'm so not gonna sleep well either... even if the loops have more nightmarish things around.'

Phoenix's cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Uh, hello hello? Uh, yeah, remember me?" Phone Guy said over the phone.

"Yeah, how'd you..."

"I got a laptop and searched for your name, and got your cell number from your site. Listen, it's nothing personal, but I'm gonna need some money since I've got...uhhhh... medical costs, and that my job is essentially over... so..."

'Please don't tell me...'

"I'm gonna need to sue you. Sorry pal."

"Wh-WHAAAAAAT!"

"I'll see you in court, Wright. Goodbye, and sorry."

'Why me?!'

"Something wrong, Phoenix?" Jeremy asked.

"Phone Guy called, he's suing me."

"! That's a surprise. He's usually so nice."

"He's sorry that he has to sue me too."

"Mr. Wright, since you're busy... you mind giving me some cases while you work out that lawsuit?" Apollo asked.

"Yeah, sure," Phoenix said, visibly sweating.

"Alright then... I guess we should give one hell of a exit, right?" Jeremy asked.

"Of course!" Athena cheered on.

'Here it comes...'

"OBJECTION!"

Chapter 5

4.1 (OracleMask)

The Fazbear Gang Awoke in their respective spots on stage. Between the four of them, they preferred to loop in this version of the restaurant...well, Bonnie, Freddy, and Chica did. Foxy always felt there was no major difference between being stuck in the Parts and Services and the closed Pirate's Cove - he wasn't allowed to entertain the children either way and that meant they were equally unpleasant. But for the others, getting to entertain the children was a pleasure that no amount of looping could ever surpass.

None of them outwardly reacted as they sensed a ping just after 12am.

But when the pings started firing off one after another without ending, the animatronics on stage couldn't help but turn their heads to the inactive camera. Who in the world was pinging away like that?

~I'll go check the Office, hold on~ Bonnie broadcasted to the others, before hopping off the stage.

Privately, the bunny thought that there must be a newbie looper replacing Mike this time. Someone terrified out of their wits and trying to signal for help...sheesh, it wasn't *their* fault that Freddy Fazbear's Pizza had such a bad reputation in the looping universe. Even if they'd all stuffed an unsuspecting looper into a suit at least once. In a while. Not to mention Mike. Also Jeremy.

Huh, that almost sounded bad when Bonnie thought about it.

Finally reaching the Office (those damn pings never STOPPED) Bonnie peered in and was surprised to see Mike was sitting there. He was hunched over in the chair, hands over his ears, and acting very un-Mike-like. None of the cameras were being checked and the

doors were wide open: Bonnie was able to walk right up to Mike before the guy even noticed.

"Bonnie? Er, Bonnie, tell me that's you, PLEASE tell me that's you, you guys are not gonna BELIEVE what I just went through -"

~Mike, it's me, calm down!~ Bonnie said, waving both hands to stop the babbling, *~Yeah, we're all Awake. What's up with you?~*

Taking a deep breath to steady himself, Mike pulled a laptop computer out of his subspace pocket.

"Get everyone in here, I have to show you guys something."

Who IS that? Freddy asked, flipping signs around at high speed, *I don't remember you ever being yellow, Bonnie. Or is it a composite version of us? Made of pieces of us...that's just...ugh! I never want to be Awake for a loop where THAT happens.*

"Screeee," Chica pointed out, flapping both arms, "Screeee? SCRRREEEE!"

Aye, that ending was a sorry mess , tapped out Foxy, *Almost feel sorry for that 'un, whoever he be* .

"Scrrrrreee?!"

I said ALMOST, lass.

~Mike, who were you replacing?~ Bonnie asked, deciding to ignore the disturbing implications of the recordings Mike had just shown them for now, *~It couldn't be Jeremy, could it?~*

"I don't KNOW!" Mike exclaimed, "I don't know why, but there some serious weirdness going on there. No loop memories, nobody called me by name...I didn't even get a paycheck!"

Mike suddenly calmed down, a sudden gleam in his eye.

"Oh wait, I burned the place down. No wonder I didn't get a paycheck."

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Freddy huffed out a laugh at that.

4.2 (Awesomedude17)

"So, what's your opinion on that Fazbear place?"

Everyone perked up at Tony Stark's question.

"Well, I tried to short them out with some liquid, but I didn't have any at hand." The Postal Dude said.

"Then what did you... On second thought, never mind." Scout shook his head as The Dude chuckled evilly.

"How about you Scout?" Tony asked.

"Bastards shoved me in a suit on the third night. And then the fox replaced me the next loop. I'm more than a little pissed at 'em."

"Freddy is a loon, but he's new." Bugs said as he munched on his ever present carrot.

"Wait, Fazbear's looping?" Tony asked with dread.

"He's been looping for a few thousand loops now." Shepard replied.

"Barkeep, mix a Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster and a ryncol please. I need alcohol."

"Great, how can this be worse?"

Someone tapped Scout's shoulder. Scout turned and saw Freddy.

"Holy crap!"

"Billy came to my restaurant last loop. Mind if I join?"

At that moment, fear turned to pity, and the group let the animatronic join the group.

"So, that's your plan?" Ashley Williams asked.

"Yes. That's how we kill Billy. I don't care that he's a kid, he's a monster."

"Groovy." The group locked and loaded their weapons and searched for the MLE for the sole purpose of payback.

And as Springtrap had found out, payback can be cruel.

4.3 (Gamerex27)

"Why," Rainbow Dash hissed through clenched teeth, "is Yggdrasil obsessed with that *log-damn restaurant?!* "

"Freddy's place?" Dainty Spurs asked. "Eh, it's not that bad. Can't be as annoying as this *friggin name* I'm stuck with in this place."

"Oh, the *original* is easy to handle," Dashie moaned, gulping down her drink. "But the 'backwards expansion' that happened? And that *bucking bunny* that showed up last time?"

"The gold one?" Gilda asked, tilting her head. "Urgh, yeah, that one's *bad* . And for some reason, it always smells like *blood!* "

"I've been there about...twice in the past Loops," Dainty/Dante continued. "The first time, I got my skull cracked from behind before I could do *anything!* Second time, I got a few shots off, but that thing is goddamn bulletproof! The Amala guys have been there, too. Isabeau, their machine expert? She couldn't decide on what was

going on, and according to Langdon, the backstory and atmosphere of the place changes every Loop!"

"I got through the first two alright," the gold-coated stallion with the massive red laser sword strapped to his back said, "but I got ganged up on in the third place. The Monado couldn't predict the future fast enough to let me see all of them coming."

It's not like we can control it , the mangy-coated fox sitting by Fluttershy said, tapping out its speech in Morse Code. *Half the time, I'm haunted by one of them poor kids, and the other half I've got glitches in all me britches!*

There really is nothing consistent about it , the bear cub sitting next to him agreed, via Pinkie Pie esque magically appearing signs. *I don't even remember what the Baseline was like, never mind how we all ended up Looping!*

"It may have something to do with that 'Grima Patch' the Pleroma mentioned," Shulk guessed. "It's supposed to stop entities tied to Loopers from coming with them. Maybe it works on your ghosts too?"

"No one's really been able to live through the horror attraction there yet for the full 5 nights," Dante mentioned. "Or at least, no one I've heard of. All I know is, if we ever find out the truth behind all this, there will be *hell* to pay. It was fun the first few times, but I'm getting sick of *Freddy Fucking Fazbear.* Uh, no offense."

None taken, the bear said with a flip of its sign. *If we* do *find him, we'll be setting up a new attraction.*

Come see the child-murdering monster! Foxy tapped out. *Keelhaul him! Strangle him! Kill him! Only 5 doubloons per entry!*

4.4 (wildrook)

And when it comes to Night Five...

Springtrap had laughed at Mike as he was waiting for an opportunity to strike. However, Mike wasn't alone. He had been waiting for this opportunity to show up ever since he had those visions.

"Oi," he said, "stupid face!"

That caught the man's attention.

"Yeah, you heard me. Stupid face!" Mike gave the thing a glare. "You have to be pretty dense to not notice that this wasn't just random chance that I returned to Fu...no...FAZBEAR'S just because of nostalgia. When I worked at the Pizzeria, I was terrified, but I had someone back home to come back to during those seven days, and then I found out about the tale that caused the bite. However, the other two guys before me weren't as lucky. One of them got stuck taking YOUR crime and the other got fired for tampering with the Animatronics."

Springtrap was confused. What the heck was this buffoon babbling about?

"Don't get me started on the Phone Guy...the one who I THOUGHT was you, at first. I'm making sure his death isn't in vain, because from what I can tell, all of those night guards had one thing in common."

He then growled.

"THEY STARTED WITH YOU!" he yelled, pointing at Springtrap. "Night Guards of Fazbear ever since those murders have suffered because of you murdering those kids and stuffing them within the Animatronic Bodies. The very same ones you dismantled! The very souls that couldn't pass through the afterlife. The nightmares that cursed the employers of past and present. All of them had an origin, and that was you." His anger was then replaced by curiosity. "Now, tell me...what happened that caused you to murder those kids? Did

you have some sick, twisted pleasure leading them into the back of the shop just so you can latch them into the suits? Or is it because you couldn't stand their cries?"

Springtrap looked annoyed, but Mike smirked.

"I think I hit a nerve," he said. "Well, I hate to say it, but there's something you missed...you smashed FOUR Animatronics." Mike was surprised. "Oh, don't give me that look. There were FIVE Animatronics at Fazbear's Pizza. And I'm not talking about Golden Freddy OR your Glorious Golden Ass...am I right, Puppet?"

That name alone had brought surprise to the Animatronic as he turned around to see...the Four Fazbear Animatronics? And the Puppet!? But...they're supposed to be dismantled!

"Oh, you didn't know? Their souls won't leave until YOURS is extinguished," Mike said, making Springtrap GLARE at the only human. "And for the record, they KNOW I'm not an Endoskeleton THIS time. Who do you think helped the Puppet REPAIR them?"

Before Springtrap could lunge at the human, Foxy leaped towards the mishmash and grabbed him by the hook.

"Oh, it's been so long," Freddy said, via magic sign. He then flipped it over. "Nice work being the distraction, Mike. You've DEFINITELY earned not being a suit THIS time."

"Hey, I wanted to make sure this guy pays for quite some time," Mike said, looking at the Puppet. "Now it's time for you guys to pay him back and end the curse."

And for the first time in a while...since that day...Springtrap was afraid. No, scratch that...he was TERRIFIED.

"For your crimes against the children since 1987," Mike said, "I, as the resident Fazbear Fright's Night Guard (for this Loop) and the jury of the Animatronic peers at this moment...we find you, the madman

who started the whole thing, judged, by all charges..." And it was at that moment the Puppet became active.

"G...U...I...L...T...Y..." Puppet added, making a thumbs-down gesture.

Mike then smirked. "Could have put it any better myself," he said. "Make sure he doesn't try anything...his sentence clear...SCRAP HIM!"

And no one said that Mike Schmidt hated the adrenaline rush. For that Loop alone...the one time he could wish the Puppet was to Awaken from...he smiled.

Satisfaction was guaranteed...and he admitted...for once...he loved being the Night Guard working for Fazbear.

4.5 (Awesomedude17)

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Freddy repeatedly smashed his head against the wall as an animatronic possessed by Billy kept giggling like the moron he is.

"Well, what did you fucking expect, shoving the kid in the damn suit?" Jeremy spat at Freddy.

"Deuhahahahaha."

"Help Me!"

4.6 (GammaTron)

"Men, get down here!"

"So, what do you think Sarge is gonna make this Loop instead of Lopez Dos point O?" Grif asked as he and Simmons walked out of

the base and where Sarge was, standing beside something under a curtain.

"I don't know. You know that at least half the time, it'll be that crazy copy of Lopez and the other half it's something random. Remember when he made Zero?"

"Which Zero? Lelouch Zero as a robot? X-Era Zero? Or is it the Mega Man Zero?"

"The time he made all three."

"Oh yeah. Forgot about that," Grif nodded, "Must have been a Brain Bleach trip."

"About time you two got here," Sarge informed, "Men, I have good news and bad news. Th' bad news is that we were out of armors. Th' good news is..." Sarge pulled the curtain off and Simmons let out a girlish scream, "...Is that Ah found a rabbit suit."

Grif looked to his left where Simmons had been. All that was there was a piece of paper that said 'I QUIT!' and a puddle of urine. Turning back to the purple bunny animatronic and let out a ping. The bunny turned to him and nodded.

"Great. Hey, Sarge, what made you think making a bunny animatronic was a good idea?" Grif asked.

"Can it, dirtbag," Sarge snorted, "Bonnie, Ah want y'all t' go over there and get them Blues outta there."

Bonnie shrugged before walking into the Blue Team's base on Chorus.

"HOLY FUCK!" Washington's voice freaked.

"Yay! A purple gorilla!" Caboose's voice cheered.

"Oh dude, fuck this. I'm outta here," Tucker's voice came before Washington and Tucker ran out, dragging Caboose.

"But I wanna give him a kitty..." Caboose pouted.

Grif sighed as Sarge laughed. He and Simmons just had to be the only ones awake this Loop.

"Stupid stealth Anchors..." Grif muttered.

4.7 (Awesomedude17)

Mike's awakening wasn't new, he was an anchor. And the only thing different with this loop is that Bonnie's a girl again. Mike didn't even bother with that much more, he had sent the ping and got no response.

He went through the loop as usual, spending the five nights avoiding getting death by suit stuffing.

Soon, night 6 came, so this time, he'd get an extra 50 cents in his check.

Night 7 also came, in which he decided to not bother with the animatronics, and kept his dangerous job.

And then he realized that he was spending an eighth night there.

Mike began to wonder if Yggdrasil was more broken, or if this was a cruel variant loop.

The hallucinations faded quickly thanks to loops of having the same thing happen over and over again, but the nights of lost sleep began to take their toll, as well as having a second job this loop.

On the third week, he passed out from exhaustion.

He quickly woke up, and checked the monitor.

Foxy wasn't in his cove.

Panicked looking began to change to confusion.

And then the emergency exit screen came up

The exit was open.

Mike checked for his keys, only to find that they weren't there.

Mike didn't take long to put two and two together.

"Great. Foxy didn't kill me, but now he's out of the restaurant."

Mike wondered what he'd do.

And then he realized something.

"This is a terrible idea... Freddy, Chica, Bonnie, please come up to the security office, right now."

4.8 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Mike was bored this loop. Once, he thought he could cover the loop in his sleep, well he succeeded just now, somehow. Didn't even realize the night was over until the alarm beeped on his desk. He looked outside his door to see the blast doors closed and Bonnie trudging down the hallway, seemingly disappointed. He sent a ping out, since this was the first night. Two pings, both originating in the kitchen area. Mike shrugged as he stepped through the right exit and towards the kitchen.

He didn't realize something was off until he walked smack dab into the newly posted door to the kitchen. There was no door to the kitchen. With a couple knocks, the door opened to reveal a male looper he didn't recognize. The man was rugged, with brown ponytail hair and his forehead wrapped in a bandana. The new guy gave a

charming smile and held out his hand, "Hey. You must be the anchor. Elliot Spencer, Leverage loop."

Mike was too dazed in surprise as he unconsciously shook the man's hand. "Mike Schmidt, Five Nights at Freddy's Loops."

Elliot issued the anchor into the kitchen, where Chica was hard at work cutting pepperoni for use during the day. Elliot chuckled as he watched. "Thought that loop where I replaced Komatsu in the Gourmet Age was strange, this one however takes the cake. Never in a million years did I think I would ever be teaching an animatronic how to cook. She's got some talent though."

Suddenly, Elliot put his hand to his ear as if someone was speaking to him . "Yes Nate."

Someone must have spoken back to him, because Elliot suddenly spoke again. "No, I haven't, been a bit busy trying to keep this bird from stuffing me in an animatronic suit."

"The bird thought *I* was the killer. It was only after I showed her my hobby that she stopped chasing me all over the building. She promised not to kill me if I shared with her my culinary techniques. It's only a few minutes ago that we realized the other was awake."

Elliot's eyes looked around in exasperation, only to land on Mike, "Nate, the security guard is looping, and I think he'll be willing and able to help us tomorrow."

The hitter nodded and pulled out a fresh ear bud from his subspace pocket. "Put this in your ear."

After doing so, another male spoke in his ear. *Is this...Mike Schmidt?*

Mike blinked in surprise. "Do I know you?"

No, you do not. I have the duty roster in front of me. My name is Nathan Ford, the Anchor of the Leverage Loops. We provide

Leverage for the innocent who cannot protect themselves and when the law falls short. I'm sure you know this, but the company you work for has covered up the deaths of at least 2 previous night guards, a Mr. Jeremy Fitzgerald as well as...Alec Hardison, the guy you probably know as phone guy. He was one of our team in our baseline.

He must have slept through the new phone guy's message. Mike replied. "Phone guy dies every loop, unfortunately. No one can find his remains, since the company disposes of the ruined suits and the bodies. I have yet to find where the company disposes of the bodies."

We figured as much, but this loop is different. Every Fazbear's Pizzaria has an offsite data cache for storing security footage by the cameras. They cannot take the bodies out or even broken animatronic suits, else someone up in corporate will discover their branch has faulty animatronics. The animatronics are state of the art, made by another company that's paying Fazbear's Pizzaria to cover up the guards' deaths. If there is even a hint that something is up with the animatronics, the company will shut down this restaurant. Fazbear's Pizzaria is stocked with a safe room, where extra animatronic suits are kept, and we need your knowledge of the restaurant to help us find it.

Mike sighed. "The location changes every loop."

Nate replied with a confident overtone. *When the animatronics got into Fitzgerald and Hardison's office, no one could tell what took place inside. All the recordings show are one animatronic getting in, and an hour later, the same animatronic leaving the way it came. Either the bodies are still in the security room, or the safe room is accessible from the security room. We need you to find it.*

Mike straightened and replied. "Alright. I'm in."

Meanwhile

While Nate briefed Mike on the situation, Elliot went back to preparing pizza. He showed Chica the kitchen knife, forehand first. "Hold a knife like this, you can cut through a pepperoni. You have to cut it just right, if it's too thin, you lose some flavor. Too thick, and the pizza becomes chewy. No one likes chewy pizza. Also-"

He flipped the knife backhand, "Hold it like this, and you can cut through eight yakuza in four seconds. Knives are like people, all in context."

He set the knife down and pointed at the bird robot. "Remember, make sure that neither you, nor your knife has blood on it, else it'll ruin the food for everyone. Blood can carry diseases, infections. Don't want to make the children sick."

Chica shook her head in horror. She didn't want to hurt the children, anything or anyone but that.

4.9 (Codelyoko22)

Freddy watched as the power went out, whoever was the guard this time around was pretty good, but this night, he would not live to see the next day. He walked to the side door of the office, while starting up the music, he looked into the room... wait... where was the security guard? He wasn't in the room, did he run out of the room via the other door?

Freddy imminently left the security office to go hunt down the missing guard, unknowingly missing Trilby, who was pressed up against the wall, sighing a breath of relief.

4.10 (Evilhumour)

Dell tsked as he was leaning over the Toy Foxy as he did his best to repair her before his shift began.

"That ain't right darling," he sighed as he looked her damaged chassis, reaching into his subspace pocket as he reluctantly pulled out some of his more serious tools to do some light fixes on the animatronic. "I'm sorry, but I don't have enough time to fix you properly with what your fellow animatronics wandering the halls soon."

He felt the animatronic tilt its head without doing it, confusion plain on her face. "Ah, that's right darling," he laughed a bit, as he fixed her costume back on her chassis, giving her a polite nod as she scuttled back to her perch above the wide entrance into his security room. "I've seen you most privates without properly introducing myself; the name is Dell, an Engineer by profession and-" he paused for dramatic flair as he went through the first sweeps. "What most in my position would call a looper."

He felt her confusion pour into him, as he made sure to wind up the music box for the Marionette to stay put.

"You see dear," he spoke, flashing Foxy away. "The multiverse is a bit broken, and the powers that be are doing their best to fix the problems. To do that, they put the worlds through time repeats." He flashed a light down the vent to keep the Balloon Boy away. "To do *that* , they need people from each world to remember *all* the time, Anchors my lot is called, to keep our worlds steady." He risked a look up to see the Toy Foxy watched him rapt awe as he explained the loops to her. "And we tend to have those close to us start looping as well."

He sighed a bit as his sentry forced back the Toy Bonnie that he missed sneaking up on him. "I'm not *your* world's Anchor dear; that belongs to a fine gent named Jeremy Fitzgerald." He was aware of the fact that the Toy Foxy was now next to him, within killing distance. If she so choose to, she would be able to kill him before his sentries got her but he trusted her not to. "A fine gent, but not too good at *my* craft." Smirking, he patted her on the shoulder before sighing. "I'm sorry that I can't really get him to make sure you're all fixed up; it ain't right."

As he did his sweep, he heard the music box being wined up as he forgot about it. "Heh, thank you kindly dear," he tipped his hat to the animatronic after his sweep. "Almost lost my head there."

And from then on, Dell would tell her a bit more of his experiences and adventures in the loops as the two of them held back the other animatronics. Before either knew what happened, it was six in the morning. Smirking, Dell got to his feet, legs popping from sitting so long. Tilting his head to the animatronic next to him, he held his hand out to her. She took it and gently shook his hand. "I'll see you tomorrow then dear, it was nice to have some company that ain't trying to kill ya." As he walked her back to her place, he watched with pride as she gently sat back into her place. "I promise that tomorrow, I'll have a proper chassis that those brats can't pull out for ya."

The animatronic was no longer looking at him in confusion but with happiness and joy, like one friend waiting to see another again.

For that what it was.

Ma-Toy Foxy would be glad when the next day would roll in; she would have to deal with kids pulling her apart and damaging what Dell did for her, but she knew that Dell would make sure that kids wouldn't be able to hurt her again afterwards.

His stories...were wonderful and true, and she hoped that she would begin to loop as well, so she will be able to meet with her friend more once, on a longer time span then seven days.

With that, she closed her eyes and prepared herself for the new day.

4.11 (Awesomedude17)

"FUUUUUUUUUUCK!"

"SCREEEEE-"

Now, at this point, you're all wondering, what the fuck is happening, and why is a Chuck E. Cheese ripoff animatronic named Foxy trying to eat my face off?

The answer is simple. This fucking tree hates me for some reason.

And worse yet, I still don't understand why this is so scary to other people. I faced aliens, armies and on one occasion, my mom.

Then again, my world is weird.

Welp, time to die.

Foxy tackled Gordon Freeman to the ground, and then bit down on his skull, ending the loop.

4.12 (Awesomedude17)

Anakin Skywalker rubbed his temples as the newest chancellor was elected.

"thank" Freddy Fuckboy, the pale imitation of Freddy Fazbear said. "i promise that i won't wreck your shit. unless you are enragement child. if you are enragement child i only have this to fucking say." Freddy turned to BB.

"inhale my dong enragement child"

"fuck off" Enragement Child spat back.

"I hate Fuckboy's more than Fazbear's. That's an achievement." Anakin said with resignation.

4.13 (OathToOblivion)

Jeremy sighed. Here he was, yet again, just like every other Loop. One thing Jeremy always wondered about was why the Animatronics

acted up now, in the timeframe of his part of the Loop. The murders hadn't even happened yet, after all, and wouldn't until later in the week. Could it really just be an error with their programming, like Phone Guy always suggested?

Phone Guy. Now there was an interesting fellow. A lot of the time, no matter how hard either he or Mike ever looked, they were never able to find him in the flesh. It defied all ounce of reason. Then again, he had heard that certain things had gone missing in the thing that had triggered the Loops. Could Phone Guy have been one of them?

As he thought this, the phone started ringing. Speak of the devil...

Well, considering that unlike with Mike, Phone Guy was actually calling him, Jeremy hit the speaker button out of habit. "Hello?" he asked in a bored tone.

"Uh...hello? Hello? Is...Is that you, Jeremy?"

"There someone else who's taking the Night Shift this week?" Jeremy asked sarcastically.

"Okay...okay, that is you. That's weird."

"How's it weird? You personally hired me as the Night Guard." Or at least, that's what Loop Memories told him this time around. He couldn't quite remember if that was the case originally.

"Well...this may sound, uh, a bit *odd. But...I can't find my body for whatever reason."*

"You can't find your body," Jeremy repeated blankly. Now what the hell did that mean?

"I...I know. It sounds completely crazy. I-I mean, I'm not trying to say that I am *crazy or anything, it's just...A-And the last thing I remember before picking the phone up and, uh, calling you was, um..."*

"Was what? Hurry it up, the Animatronics are going to go active soon," Jeremy chided.

"Oh! Right! I forgot, it's still the old...new...place. Well, the last thing I, uh, remember was that...the year was 1993, and, uh...I died."

Jeremy blinked. That sounded... "It's 1987," he pointed out.

"Uh, yeah, I, uh, realize that. I mean...I don't even know what's *going on anymore."*

"I do. It'll take some time to explain, but these are the details..." Jeremy started.

4.14 (ToaMataNui5000)

Sora awoke in both senses to find himself within a Station Of Awakening. He sent out a ping, getting none back in response. Sighing, he looked down to the stain glass platform, raising his eyebrow at the ridiculousness of the design.

The primary background color was yellow, with twelve red circles lining the inside curve, making it look like a pepperoni pizza. Each *"pepperoni"* showed a small portrait, consisting of Freddy, Bonnie, Chica, Foxy, Toy Freddy, Toy Bonnie, Toy Chica, Mangle, Shadow Freddy, Shadow Bonnie, Balloon Boy, and the Puppet. In the center, Golden Freddy and Springtrap circled each other. "Seriously? What the smurf, Yggdrasil?"

Sora's train-of-thought was interrupted by a corridor of darkness opening. He immediately summoned a keyblade and took a fighting stance, finding a black-cloaked, humanoid form staring him down. "Who's there?" The young man demanded to know. The figure responded by throwing back its hood, revealing the head of a very familiar bear animatronic.

"It's me."

"Oh, hey Freddy. What's up? Nice to see you got a voice box this loop."

"Are you ready for Freddy?"

"Uh, what?" Sora watched as the bear mascot summoned a keyblade of his own. It had a motif of both a dragon and a... "OH SWEET LORD!" Sora threw up in his mouth, four times over on behalf of himself, Roxas, Xion, and Ventus. "WHY DO YOU HAVE THAT THING!"

"I want you inside of me. It's the only way we can enjoy our night of debauchery."

"We?" Sora gasped in horror as thirteen more corridors of darkness appeared, followed by all thirteen other animatronics entering, bearing similar disturbing keyblades. "Oh sweet grandfather Disney and father Nomura, please save me..." He pointlessly prayed.

"Engage the Sora, motherfucker!" All fourteen mascots chorused before launching forward.

Several dozen loops later, a clearly disturbed Sora awoke in the security room of Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria. He clamped his eyes shut and took deep breathes, only to receive a tap on the shoulder. He screamed in terror and punched whoever was next to him. The Puppet crumbled to the ground in response. Freddy, in his withered state, stepped into the room, only to jump back in terror as Sora whipped a keyblade towards him. "DON'T! EVEN! TRY!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Calm down, Sora!" Phone Guy urgently spoke from his respective device. "These two are awake. They ain't gonna hurt you." It took the young man several minute of heavy breathing through his teeth before he calmed down enough to disband his weapon.

"Sorry..." Sora apologized between gasps. "I had... a really bad fused loop... with you guys recently... and brain bleach... hasn't done enough to help..."

'Let me guess; Five Nights At Fuckboys?'

Sora nodded in response as he helped the Puppet back to its feet. "All fourteen twisted versions of you guys at once." Freddy's eyes widened at the horror he was told. He walked over and began patting Sora's back in pity.

"Sweet father Cawthon!" Phone Guy was flabbergasted. "I feel terrible for you, kid."

"It's fine. It wasn't any of your faults." Sora feigned a smile.

'No need to hide it. Trust us. We all bloody hate those variants too.' Freddy thought for a second before flipping his sign again. *'I think we have some sea-salt popsicles in the kitchen that you can have, so long as they aren't expired.'*

"Thanks Freddy. You really do try."

4.15 (Evilhumour)

When Mike Woke up this loop, something was *wrong* .

He felt it in his bones as he stared up at the boarded up restaurant that had been defiled by teenagers with spray paint.

Murderers, sick monsters, killers, bastards, assholes, child killers, motherf&cking assholes, fuck this place up, burn this b!tch down, don't go in, death, DEATH along with more and more disturbing words and profanity. He broke his focus away from the writing, the last thing he read was a very long poem about what the person would like to do to the managers with a rusty pirate hook as it was making him queasy.

Looking up, he saw that the massive sign with Freddy's figure had been broken down with blunt force, jagged pieces still jutting upwards and outwards with burnt marks almost out of sight.

As he placed his hand on the smashed in glass door, he felt every instinct he had honed with the murderous machines *screaming* at him to get the fuck away and never look back.

Not one to ignore his feelings, he was about to walk away when the phone rang.

He paused, debating if he should ignore the phone call or not, he could still walk away.

It rang again, acting as a siren call for him.

Grunting, he pulled the boards out and place his hand the glass door only to see something that chilled his soul. There were boards on the *inside* too, with a lot of tables and garbage placed in front of the door. As if to act as a secondary barrier, to keep whatever happened inside separate from the rest of the world.

The phone continued to ring.

Forcing his way through, as he had to know what was going on, he broke down the barrier and forced himself into the deadliest children's restaurant in all of Yggdrasil.

The room smell horrid; musky and putrid, as something long dead was left in alone. Gagging back his bile, Mike looked at the walls with more written defacement spread across; only not insults but warnings and pleading. Pleading for rescues, safety, mercy. Pleading for survival, let the others be taken first, let them live and they would slit anyone's throat. Pleading for the anamontrics to protect them a little bit longer, pleading for anyone to make the ultimate sacrifice to make *more* of their guardians. Pleading for the doors to be open was written over in what was not paint but blood to keep the doors *blocked* , for everyone's safety and sanity.

The phone continued to ring.

Looking down, he saw that the floor was covered not in dust but crushed bones, with piles of picked clean femurs in the corners. Here and there were the broken and battered pieces of the anamontrics, with the scars telling the story of the many attempts to repair them.

The phone continued to ring.

As he walked closer to the security room and the ringing phone, he saw the names begin to appear on the wall with dates. It was not a steady decline but in random bursts that people died. A trend he spotted that when one of the machines fell, a *large* number of children died the day after. The first one to go was Spring Bonnie, eliminating the possibility that this was the work of the Purple Man in an unhinged in loop.

The phone continued to ring.

He saw the pictures the children drew in the final days, of their steel defenders being laid to rest. Spring Bonnie, Foxy, Chica, the Puppet, Bonnie, and finally Freddy himself. There were was only one more picture before they stopped; that of Golden Freddy being dragged away- to what he could not tell nor did he ever wish to know.

The phone continued to ring.

As Mike reach for the door to his office, he saw that the writing on the walls ceased, the dust of crushed bones and bones picked cleaned was gone. The fear he had been feeling was paramount here, the source of whatever went wrong in this loop was beyond the door he was facing. He could turn around now, still escape whatever evil was beyond this door, to save himself.

The phone continued to ring.

Bracing himself, he opened the door to see his office, perfectly normal with not a thing out of place. Mike was never more terrified in his long life then this exact moment, aware something was going to happen, something that could not be defined as evil or wrong as this was far beyond those simple words.

The phone continued to ring.

Steeling his nerves, Mike picked the phone up.

"Hello, hello? Uh, I wanted to record a message for you to help you get settled in on your first night. "

Letting out a sigh, Mike listened to the speech that Phone Guy made when he was not Awake before he was aware he was not alone.

Turning around, he looked up, dropping the phone in horror.

In the five seconds that took for the loop to crash, Mike spent them screaming in pure terror.

4.1 - FNAF 3 is Safe-Mode. Don't worry, there's no looping Springtrap!

4.2 - You know Billy's annoying when Freddy Fazbear wants to kill him via lynch mob.

4.3 - Not much to say about this. People hate Fazbear's Fright.

4.4 - All we can about this is... Purple Man, you're scum.

4.5 - Actions have consequences, Freddy.

4.6: "Bonnie, yer teh best Red." "Sarge..." "Can it, dirtbag."

4.7 - Based on DeltaV's fanfic series.

4.8 - Chica will become a master chef after all of this. Also, Mike and Nate do stuff.

4.9 - Trilby simply hides from Freddy. Sometimes it's that easy.

4.10 - Really, machines as good as this deserve to be preserved, not dismantled.

4.11 - The Mind of Freeman hates Foxy now.

4.12 - Supreme Chancellor Freddy Fuckboy now leads the Republic. May the Force be with us all.

4.13 - OathToOblivion: Hello, hello? Please welcome Phone Guy to the Loops.

4.14 - Everyone hates the Fuckboys.

4.15 - A fRiEnDlY rEmInDeR tHaT FiVe NiGhT's At FrEdDy'S iS a HoRroR gAmE, mY fRiEnDs...